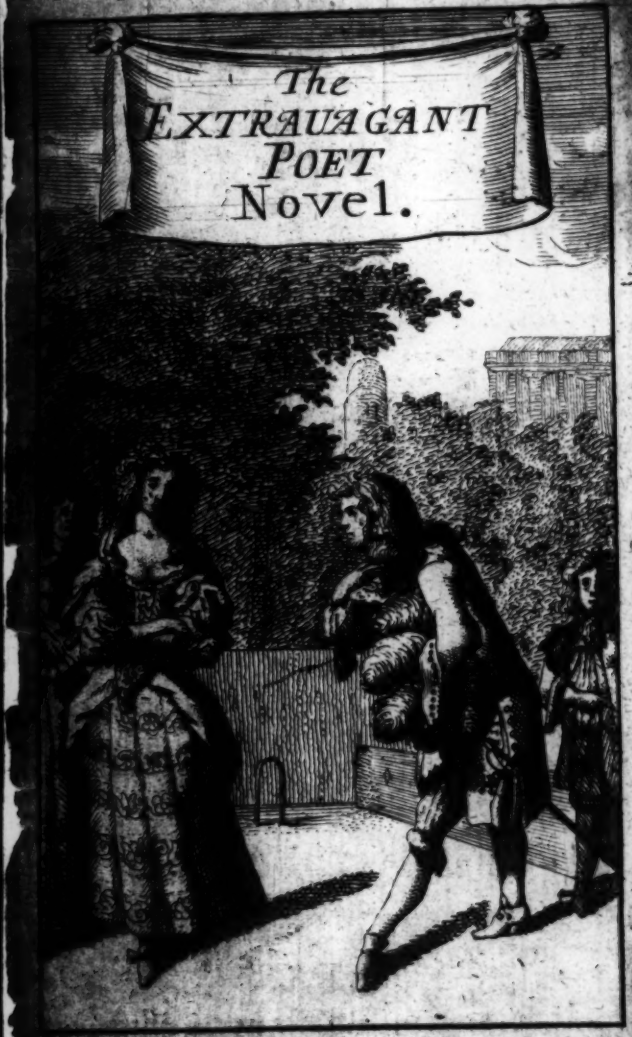
Douce N. 34

The EXTRAVAGANT POET Novel.



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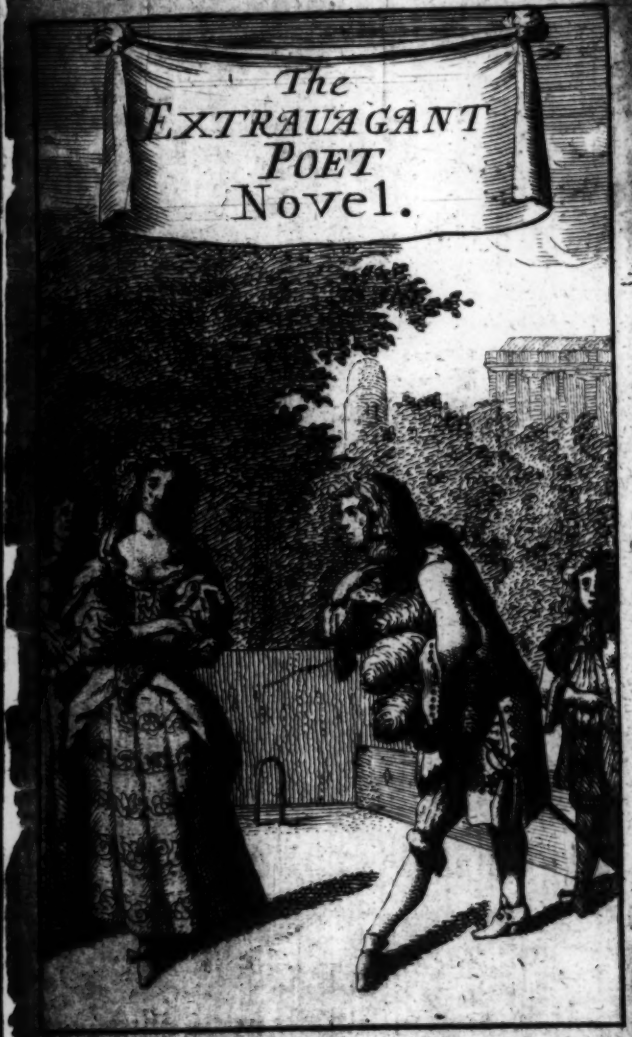


602

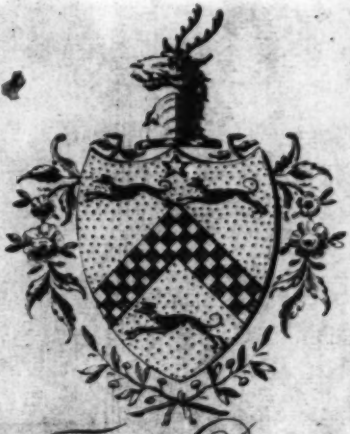
THE Extravagant POET.

A Comical NOVEL,

Wherein is Deſcribed his many Pleaſant Fo lies.

Tranſlated out of *French*, by G. R. Gent.

Printed for *B. M.* at the Sign of *Pegaſus*, at the Foot of *Parnaſſus* his Hill, 1681.



Francis Douce.

THE Extravagant POET;

UPon a certain time, as I went out of my *Lodging* in a Morning, with a delign to go a Walking, meerly for a little Divertisement, and to pass away a few Melancholly Love-fits, it

was my Fortune, to light into a little blind Tavern; and being ſet down upon a Bench, I began to ſay to my ſelf (after a languiſhing manner, with a deep and far-fetcht ſigh): *Ah, my dear* Colombine, *thou art the only Object of my Affections, and ever ſhall be ſo, in ſpight of all the rigour of my hard fate.* But having no ſooner uttered theſe words, but the Boy of the Houſe (who heard me ſpeak ſuch words as theſe) began to take me for a Poet; and asked me, Whether I were not an Acquaintance of ſuch a Perſon, who did very often Eat at that Houſe? And withal told me, That he had made moſt excellent Verſes: of which, he told me, That he had given him a very fine one to preſent to his Miſtriſs: And ſo, as ſoon puts a paper, greaſy enough, into my hand, which lookt as if it had been bound about Bacon; but with this charge,

That

That I ſhould not Foul it. So taking it into my hand, and opening it, I found it to be an Elogy upon a General of the Army: which made me as ſoon to Reply, (without any ſhew of Laughter to the Boy, whoſe name was *Caſcaret*) That thoſe Verſes were very agreeable to the ſubject that they were compoſed for; and that (without all doubt) they were the Works of ſome great Perſonage.

Yes indeed, replyed *Caſcaret*: And I will aſſure you, I have a great deal of kindneſs for him, and ſhould be very ſorry to Diſoblige him in any thing, or to draw him any Wine that ſhould be Flat, or Troubled; or any thing but the very Beſt in the Houſe was ſtill, and ſo ſhould alwayes be at his Service.

All this is very well, I replyed: But is not this perſon (whom you

ſo much applaud) gotten into your Debt for his Dyet.

Yes, a little (ſaid the Boy) but that ſignifies but little; for I have a very good Pledge for it, therefore I fear it the leſs. And at the ſame time (by me) pulls out of a Cupboard, a great bundle of Papers, in which were written many Verſes; but the greateſt part ſo imperfect, and ſo much clothered or defaced with one thing or other, that one could make very little Sence of any of them.

There were Inſcriptions of ſeveral things; as namely, An *Elogy* for *Dorothy*; A *Complaint* of *Damon* a *Cæliſte*; A *Croſtick* upon the Name of——— An Heroick *Poem* for Monſieur *Rondeau*. At the End; *Rimes*, *Epigrams*, *Sonnets*, *Epithetes*, *Stanzes*, *Madrigalls*, and a many of other things; but not one of all, that was there, was finiſhed: But ſome were begun in the

the Middle, others at the End, where they ſhould have Finiſhed their Diſcourſe: All which made me very much admire the Excellency of the Poet, and the great Judgment of *Caſcaret*, the Boy of the Tavern.

But (as I was going out of the Houſe) it was my hap to eſpy (at a great diſtance in the Street) a man all alone Talking very buſily to himſelf, and ſometimes Laughing, nodding with his Head, and ſometimes making Motions with his Arms; inſomuch, that few Parts about him were idle. He was clad in a White-Sattin Doublet, pinck't; his Breeches of Black Cloath, called *Drap de Berry*; a *Roupille*, or Upper-Garment, like a Cloak, was made of a Mask-colour'd Searge, (made at a Place in *France*, called *d' Aumale*); a Gray Hat, called a *Caſtor*; Yellow Silk Stockins, and a pair of

very light Shooes; which made me for to behold him with Admiration, not knowing what to judge of ſo ſtrange a Perſonage. But *Caſcaret*, who had Brought or Conducted me to the Door, told me, That that was the Poet, of whom he had informed me; which cauſed me for to go in again, to the intent that I might have a little Conference with him, becauſe by this time he was already at the Door: So we Kiſſed each other. But I found him to be ſo very troubleſome at that time, that I could not poſſibly ſpeak two Words together to him, without an Interruption: Yet, notwithſtanding all this, I uſed all poſſible Means to get my ſelf acquainted with him, that I might divert my ſelf a little ſometimes in his Company; for which cauſe we obliged each other for a Rendezvouz the next Morning,

in the ſame Place: So, both Parties being agreed, he told me, That he ſlept but very little, that he might the better mind the Compleating of thoſe Works he had to do, the Compoſition being great; therefore, he ſhould be very Early.

So coming next Morning to the Place appointed, I found my Poet up Early enough, and ſtaying for me: And ſo, this rare Perſonage having laid many of his *Galemafreys* upon the Table, upon a Carpet, ſuch as it was, in as great State as could be, I was Conducted into the Room where they were; but ſeeing them to be of no greater Value, than thoſe which I had already ſeen in the Hands of *Caſcaret*, I thought it convenient for that time, to diſſemble my Thoughts, and to make inquiry after ſome Verſes, which would aſſwage the Cruelty of a

Cruel Miſtriſs; making the Complaints of an Unhappy and Unfortunate Lover. Upon which, he promiſed me, that the ſame Day before Night, I ſhould not fail to have them finiſhed in their laſt Perfection: Telling me withal, That he was one of the Nimbleſt of all *Parnaſſus*'s Diſciples, for he hath been ſometimes ſo incumbred with ſo much Buſineſs of this kind, that to give every one Content in a very ſhort time, he hath been obliged to make many, far beyond the Imaginations of the greateſt Potentates: For within theſe Four Dayes, he had Compoſed above Thirty Thouſand of all ſorts, which were to be ſent to great Perſonages, into ſtrange Countries. And ſo ſwore by the Faith of a Poet, that I ſhould receive of him all the Satisfaction that could be promiſed by a Perſon, who made the choy-

ceſt,

eſt, and beſt Works, that were to be made: For he wrought by the ſame Rule and Order, that the beſt Compoſers, and moſt illuſtrious Authors, both Antient and Modern, wrought by; and therefore, when I ſhould know him well, I would have a very great Eſteem for him.

But Hunger called for a Breakfaſt; which was as ſoon called for, and a Ragou made, that we might break Faſt together: But whil'ſt the Poet was a babling about his Galemafreys, our Ragou was grown cold: Wherefore, the Poet runs away to the Kitchin, and brings ſome Fire upon a Shovel; but inſtead of putting the Fire into the Chafing-Diſh, he threw it into the Diſh, to the Meat; which cauſed me to burſt out into a Laughter. But he told me, That the great Buſineſs he had in his mind, did hin-

der him from taking notice of ſuch ſmall things as this was. So that, by this firſt Interview that we had the one with the other, the Poet gave me many Teſtimonies of his great Love to me, without knowing of me: But we made our Reciprocal Promiſes of giving one another a Viſit: he gave me a Note of his Name, and Place of his Abode, in print; upon which we parted at the preſent.

But ſome Dayes after, having a Fantaſie to go to this *Parnaſſus*, I found his Hoſtis, but not himſelf; who told me, That he was gone to walk abroad, that he might ruminate and collect ſome pretty Fanſies together, for the Compoſing of a Book of Songs; for which he was Paid in part beforehand, by thoſe that had Imployed him. But I anſwered the Woman; For all that I can ſee, the

Works

Works that he makes ought to be very Excellent, that he is not afraid to put them to publick View, and to paſs the Cenſures of all Men, without Controul or Moleſtation. To which ſhe anſwered; That there were a great many good Poets, that were not in nothing nigh ſo good an Eſteem as he was; for his Company is alwayes almoſt every Day deſired, and ſought after by many honeſt Men, and thoſe of Faſhion too: For it is he, that furniſhes the Blind, and the Lame with all their New Tunes and Ayres, which are ſo much praiſed and extolled in all your Victualling-Houſes, as well as in your great Taverns, and other Places of Entertainment. But as ſhe was going to tell me more, in comes our Poet; who with a hundred Complements and Reverences, to the very laſt Point of Impertinent Importunities,

portunities, he Conducted me into his Chamber; where he made as many more Ceremonies, turning and winding a great many Papers over, in testimony of abundance of Business upon his Hands; and that he was as eager about it, as a Poltron, or heavy Cowardly Fellow, that was very earnest to go Fight. And so, taking of his Ink-Horn, but not finding of a Pen at Hand, as he look't for, he takes a Pen-Knife, and cuts and points one of his Nailes, which was of an excessive Length, resembling more the Beak of a Horn, than the Nail of a Man: This he cleft at the End, in form of a Pen, and run it into his Ink-Horn, till he had made it moist; and then takes out a piece of Paper, already made foul, and tumbled; and thereon writes Five or Six Verses, which he very much praised and

applaud-

applauded them, in the Reading of them over and over several times. The First of which was this, so near as I do remember:

Charmante, mais sier Inhumain.

Thou Charmest me, but O Inhuman Sister!

So, seeing no Hopes of getting any thing better from this my *Extravagant Poet*, I took his Paper, and bid him the Good Night; and so went away straight to my Lodging: But being arrived at my Lodging, I was much astonished to find my Poet there as soon as my self, quite out of Breath, and blowing as if he had been out of is Wits, puffing, and looking as if he had been a Book-Seller, that had lost his Book; his Busi-

ness

neſs was ſo very great, making all the Petitions and Requeſts, that might be, to me, that I would but give him the Paper again that he had given me, to copy out ſome Verſes of great Conſequence, which were written on the Back-Side of my Paper, which he had Compoſed for me: Telling me, That it was impoſſible for him ever to get them into his Memory again, if once raſed out thence. So, conſidering his earneſt Importunity, I granted his Requeſt, and gave him his Paper again: But as ſoon as he once had gotten it into his Hands again, it was impoſſible for me to be gone from him, he did ſo importune me with one thing or another; one time with the ſtrange Strength of Imagination, or elſe all was loſt that he had ſo long and often occupied his Senſes about, and a deal of ſuch like Stuff.

But as I had read in the Paper, that he was so very much troubled about, and found the thing that he so much wanted, only to begin thus:

Le beau berger Philemon, &c.

Or in English:

Philemon, *the brave Shepherd*, &c.

So that, by This, & what I had gathered from his *Hostis*, obliged me to believe him to be a new Bridge *Poet*, which was almost capable of making me break my Correspondence with him; and to rally no more with him, and his Folly; as finding him to be none of what I expected him, that is to say, an Author of some Fame and Consideration. But yet however, for my Humors sake, I was resolved to make him some Visits, although

it

it was but for Divertiſement: Thereby hoping, that what by the Sight and Diſcourſe of him, I might find a Remedy againſt ſome Fits of the Melancholly, which I was very ſubject to; ſo that, when I was minded to divert my ſelf a little, I might make my Poet's Lodgings ſerve me inſtead of an Academy: the which, I did very often, for thoſe Reaſons above ſaid. But by Chance coming one Morning, and finding of his Chamber-Door, as it were by the Latch, I went in without knocking, he being ſtill in his Bed; and making my Approaches near to his Bed-ſide, perceiving his Eyes to be wide open, I gave him a Salute, with a *Good Morrow, Sir*; and ſo ſet my ſelf down upon a lame Stool, that ſtood by his Beds-Head, waiting when he would return me any Anſwer; and ſo, ſtaying above half an Hour by him,

him, without his perceiving of any one to be by him; making it my only Delight, in watching of his Motions to hear him murmur and mutter ſome Words between his Teeth, not to be underſtood at all; and then again, ſometimes he would ſqueeze out a Noiſe much like unto a Swarm of *Bees*, coming out of their Hives in a Confuſion: but yet betwixt whiles, I could hear a Voyce a little more Intelligible; but after ſuch a Broken Faſhion, that there was not the leaſt Order or Method in any Subject that he ſpake of; yet he would ſometimes ſpeak (it may be) two or three Words to ſome very good Sence, fetched from ſome, as good Sentences: but as ſoon again quitting of that Subject, and entring into another. *This* (ſayes he) *may very well paſs, and take its Turn upon the Theatre.* But as ſoon he Contradicts him-

ſelf, and ſayes: *But, What will or ſhall I do, or not do?* And again, with another Contradiction, he ſayes: *And, Why not? My Veins are ſtrong enough: And, What Poetical Fervency is there to be ſeen in another, that is not in me? Or, what do you find more, at this preſent, in any of all theſe, than in my ſelf? As namely, theſe Meaſures:* De Corneille, de L'Eſtoille, de La Serre, Boyer, Pibrac, Beys, Deſportes, Molierr, Hardy, Malherbe, La Calprenede, Ronſard, de Duvillr, Boiſrobert, Chevalier Montfleury, Triſtan, Bourſault, Scudry, Menage Racyne, Boileau, de Subligny; *and many others, whoſe Compoſitions or Works ſerves only to be gazed at by Five or Six Hundred Perſons at a time; who finding themſelves to be ſhut into ſome Place, in the* Hoſtel de Bourgogn, *or elſewhere*; (which may be properly

perly ſome great Houſe, which now ſerves for a Play-Houſe) *and mine, which are produced with no leſs Boldneſs and Courage than theſe, and will draw no fewer Spectators, than all Paſſengers; although they were ſo many in number, that a good large Park would have much ado to hold them all. Therefore, come let us put all to the Hazard; put forward our Deſerts, and we may be admired by all: For I will ſooner lye down, and Dye, than not to have my Name appear in Red Letters, in the Corners of every Street; as well as any of all theſe, ſo very much eſteemed Authors, which are ſo much boaſted of in the World. Come, I have employed ſo many Years already, in the Compoſing of Strains, and the Songs of* Bacchus. *But as it is the uſual Saying,* Paris was not all built in one Day; *therefore, come this may ſerve very well for a Piece of Three Acts. However, not ſo*

now; for we must suffer one to be a little Ridiculous, and to make Sport: But these others are Heroical; and therefore, proper to be inserted in some Great Work. Those there, are Alexandrians; *and therefore, strong enough. But let us see, what we shall do; but look here, this cannot be bad for a Satyr.*

He spake all these Words without touching any one bit of Paper, making only some Signs with his Fingers; with which he sometimes touch'd his Fore-head so hard, as if he had been going to cleave his Brains asunder.

But having ended his Discourse, he pulls out a Tinder Box from under his Beds-Head, with which he struck Fire, and lighted a Wax-Candle, or Size: But it so chanced, that a little Spark of Fire fell on his Hand, and burnt him a little, with which he let all fall to the ground: But I stooped to take

take up his Light, and gave it to him into his hand; but in so doing, I perceived him to be a little surprized at the Sight of me; by which means I came to know, that he had thought himself all alone in his Chamber, all this time: But so soon as he perceived me to be there, he begun to ask me, *What I made there so late in his Quarters?* I told him again, *That I needed but to go to Bed, to make it Early in the Morning; for it is but just now the Clock hath struck Seven: Besides, the Day being so much advanced, I am subject to admire you, for looking after any other Light; being assured, that you cannot doubt, but that the one Light, will infallibly extinguish the other. You are in the right of it,* (sayes the Poet); *but this may serve to seal my Letters, when I have written them; therefore, pray let him burn, and not put him out. But tell me, I pray, what it was, that*

moved you to come hither into this Place? I do believe, you know your Friend to be Ungrateful, and that she acts the Rude, because you endeavour to please her too well; making her too much discourse of Loves Adventures; so that, you have furnished her (it may be) with so much, that she hath or will Compose a great Romance *of your Fleurettes: But if she had but been an Apprentice in my Science a little, she might have been perswaded to have Sighed a little, and have shed some Tears, although but faintly: For we should speak some few words, and make them but a very easie shew of our Motion towards them; and scarcely give Permission to those that would Caress us, to let us pass amongst Women for Babblers; although we seem to be very Eloquent, and study to Complement in the* French *Tongue, and seemingly to have our Spirits occupied but in a very light and tender*

Paſſion; nor make ſhew of Abiding, but for a moment of time, and not ſerve them with a too long Diſcourſe, accompanyed with Emphaſis. This I have learnt to my Coſt; for the Prolixity, that I have uſed ſometimes to my Miſtriſs, hath rendered me very unhappy in my Love.

She that I loved ſo dearly, (continued my Poet) *was a little merry Grig, who gave me many a Nocturnal, or Nightly Aſſignment, where I alwayes came; but never could have the Power to come to her, or joyn with her; for ſhe ſtaid alwayes in her Chamber, and I upon the Pavements; where very often times I have received ſome very ill Influences upon my Body by the Neighbourhood; who probably took me for the Conveyance of a Houſe of Office, and ſo emptyed all their Chamber-Pots upon me: Do but ſee, how my Cloaths are accommodated with it,* (ſayes he, ſhewing me a great

great Spot with his Finger, that was in his Cloak, which hung one part of it upon a Chair of Straw, and the other part upon the Floor): *And as I went to take a Turn round this Cartaw-Lodgings, I could get nothing; for it ſhould ſeem, the Place was accuſtomed to receive all ſuch kind of Filth; therefore, I had often a Deſigne of Retiring my ſelf, and ſo to leave her: well knowing, by a thouſand of theſe Tricks, which were very diſagreeable to me, that it was altogether impoſſible for me to gather a Roſe, that was ſo environed about with Prickles.*

So, feeling in his Pocket, he pulls out a little tiny Box, which I imagining to have been his Tinder-Box: I told him, *That his Candle was ſtill burning*; but without hearkening to me at all, he opens his Box, and pulls out a ſhort Pipe, as Black as the *Devil*, and

and fills it with Tobacco, lights it; and ſo, approaching to me in this manner, he blows ſuch a thick Smoke of his Tobacco in my Face, that I had much ado to ſee him: His Face was ſo beſmothered alſo with the ſame Perfume. And then he told me, That he would compare his Miſtriſs to his Pipe; reciting this Subject of Tobacco, in theſe following Verſes:

Do but ſee how the Candle riſes
The Tobacco that I will burn:
And let my Thoughts go free;
And ſhe participate of my Eaſe.
The Air which ſerv'd me for a match—
And of my Pipe to make a Flambeau;
which, to my Taſt, ſeems to be Ambroſia.
And in the Smoke, which I do make,
I do divert my Fantaſie.
Imagining it to make a Thouſand
Pourtraitures, &c.

Phillis, *like Tobacco I esteem you:*
With both I have been surprized:
For both of you reign over my Spirits:
Of both I am become your Victim.
But if you will settle this a little
stronger;
Phillis, *I will not have all the Fault,*
Of quitting the Ardure of my Pipe.
Your Eyes have giv'n me the Tresspass:
And in the Flambeau of my Pipe,
I will extinguish all your Charms.

You use then to take this kind of Perfume, (sayes I to him.) Yes, (replyes he) and I am so accustomed to this Smoke, that once upon a time, wanting Tobacco, I was forc'd to cut the Bottom of my Pocket, that smelled of it, and to fill my Pipe with it. But I had rather take it alone in my Chamber, than amongst a Company of Coal-Carriers, and Porters, in Places where they do dispose of themselves; which, one may,

may, by good Right, call it a *Forest of Fens*, or *Rendezvouz of Vagabonds*, which do assemble themselves in this Place of their Conveniency, where Rudeness serves for an Ornament to a Rustick Company of Black Fellows, in their Melancholly Debauches, which assemble themselves, in order to attend the best and propereſt Hour to go, and (as they say) beat the Pavements; which is, as we say, go a *Padding*, or *Pilfering*. These (sayes he) are a certain sort of Men, which are much of the Nature of *Owles*; which care not to be seen abroad at any time, but in the Night.

But, Are not you afraid of being Robbed, in going into this Forest, (then said I to him?) No, (replyed he) I rather fear the having some of my Bones broken by these Thieves, for not having that about me, which may give them

Content. But in a word, I had rather take my Tobacco in my Chamber, where I can smoke with Honour, and without Fear: For which Cause, I learnt the other Day an Air, which was very proper to be sung in such sorts of Assemblies: I have never put it in use yet; but it is good enough; and hear it.

We are Swallowers of good Beer,
which, with Tobacco of a Thousand sorts,
We turn the Barrel upside down;
which gives us a full Cariere.
Fye upon those, that drink by halves.
But those that will be drunk, are our Friends.

But his Favours still continuing to me, he shews me a Manuscript, which lay upon his Table, saying, Take this, and go sit you down by yonder Window, and di-

vert your self, whil'st I am busy in devising of some Thing of worth: it will be worth your Reading; and so we may be both imployed. So I took the Paper; and when I had opened it, I found in it as followeth, &c.

Theodore:

OR,

An Assembly of Felons, or Thieves, with their Ladies of Pleasure.

Theodore was a Young Man, of a Family good enough; and the Wisdom of his younger Years made shew of no less Suc-

ceſs to thoſe that had the Charge of his Education; and that they hoped, all their Labour and Travel would have a happy End: For which Cauſe, all honeſt Endeavours were uſed. But the Youth had no ſooner attained to the Age of Sixteen Years, but he began to change his Mind, and to take other Meaſures, than thoſe of his Tutor, and to frequent lewd and debauch't Company; and amongſt theſe, he found out one, who went by the Name of *Rondrille*, a very Felon, or Thief, who made it his buſineſs to go a Pilfering in the Night, in the Streets: And on the *New-Bridge*, and elſe-where in *Paris*, this Thief made ſhew, as if he had known this Youth in the Army in *Catalogne*, and ſaluted him by the Name of *de La Breeche*: To which the Youth anſwered very freely, That he was overjoyed, to be taken for one, that

had

had been ſeen in any Noble Action, or to paſs for any ſuch Man. But all this time, he leaſt thought, that theſe Fellows were only the Searchers of good Fortunes; and that their Buſineſs was only, how to draw him into their Cabal, by entertaining him at ſeveral Feaſts and Entertainments, to bring him into Love with their Company, that he might taſte of the Pleaſures of their vitious, debauch't, and unregulated Lives.

For this purpoſe, they had a luſty Fellow, but lame, whoſe Name was *Ruſtaut*; one, who had ſerved in the Company of the *Germans*. This Man being a reſolute Perſon, was, by common Conſent, made their Protector; who, ſo ſoon as he ſaw *Theodore*, called for *Bondrille*, and asked him, If that Youth were in the Humor to be Enrolled in their Company? To which *Bondrille* made An-

ſwer, That according to the Diſpoſitions that he had already ſeen in him, he thought, that he much deſired it, as being (as he thought) a little in love with it: However, this is a New Pigeon; and therefore, may do well to be put into the Flight, amongſt the reſt. Then pray, (ſayes *Ruſtaut*) take you care, that he be well inſtructed; for he ſeems to be a Youth of good Faſhion; and I hope, in time, to do ſomething that is good with him. So *Ruſtaut* turning himſelf towards the Youth, Saluted him with a Civility agreeable enough. So the next Morning, being the Day of their Aſſembly, *Ruſtaut* prayed him to be with them, to break his Faſt in *Ruſtaut*'s Lodgings; which *Theodore* (for we will leave for a time, to call him by the Name of *de La Breeche*) promiſed him to do: And ſo accordingly, he came with *Bon-*

drille

drille to *Ruſtant*'s Lodgings; where they found him as a Preſident, ſitting in the midſt of a many very well liking Perſonages, and ſeeming to be of very good Faſhion; who talked to him with Hat in Hand, giving of him Reaſons of all that he demanded of them: And at the ſame time, they put many things into his Hands, amongſt which was both Gold and Silver of divers ſorts; ſome of the Pieces being of your light or falſe Money; which *Ruſtant* did not much queſtion, nor trouble himſelf to put it to a Tryal, becauſe he knew, that his Emiſſaries did receive it, without looking on it; and therefore, they were not obliged to give it him, as ſuch as had been put to the Teſt.

So preſently, they begin to talk of other Buſineſs, and of their Trade, and how to excite one another to go forward in ſo weigh-

ty a piece of Work, whereof every one was not capable of understanding it. But the Table being covered, every one began at the same time; and in order to let their Hands, their Eyes, and Teeth to keep time alike; so they all began to drink a Health to the right Owners or Imployers of what they were eating of: For, as it is to be gues'd at, it was all stollen Goods; therefore, it was all one whom they drank to. But, in the Height of their Combat in *Bacchus*'s Cause, they were interrupted, not with Pots and Glasses, of which there were enough; but by a Burger, who addrest himself to *Rustaut*, with a Note from an unknown Hand: And this is the Tenor of the Note.

The Note that came to *Rustaut*, from an unknown Hand, &c.

THE Bearer of this Note, is a Worthy Person, and one who deserves to be obliged; and I dare promise you, that he will reward you well, after he hath received the Favour from you, which I demand of you for him; which is, to put him again (by your Care) into the Possession of a Cloak of Black Spanish-*Cloath, laced with Black Silk Lace, and an Emrald set in a Gold-Ring; and about fifteen Francks in Money, which was taken from him about Nine a Clock last Night, upon the Bridge of* Nosterdame, *or our Ladyes-Bridge. This I pray you, not to fail me in: And then to perswade your self, although I pass with you for an unknown Person; yet I am capable of Serving, or Refusing,* &c.

But

But when *Rustaut* had made an end of Reading his Letter, he began to ſtand, and muſe a little by himſelf; imagining, that this *Burgor* might, by ſome Subtilty or other, have invented and written this Note himſelf, only after the Report of the Vulgar, and ignorant People; or elſe ſome certain People might be commanded to ſtop the Thieves, and would not, as favouring their Actions, in hopes to ſhare the Cake with them. But on the other ſide, he thought it a great Preſumption of this *Burgor*, to throw himſelf, like a loſt Body, into the middle of his Enemies, without being back't or ſet on by ſome great and extraordinary Might and Strength: Beſides, he conſidered, that it might be a dangerous thing, to make a Diſcovery in ſuch a Rancounter as this; and if ſo it might happen, that he might come to

those that should be ordered to carry them to the Prison, and from thence to the Bar, to be forc'd to beg their Pardon, or their Lives; and to caress sometimes those that sought only the Means to take them at the greater Advantage, and betray them at one time or other, and cause them early or late, to fall into the Paws of the Woolf, such as they called their Sheep.

These Diversities of Cogitations, put *Rustaut* into a strange Perplexity of Spirit, at the present: But, at the last, in Imitation of the Old Woman, which gave a Wax-Candle to *St. Michael*, and (at the same time) gave another to the *Devil*; answering those that asked her, why she did so, *To get me a Friend in Heaven, and another in Hell.* So he was resolved in all he could, to keep the Note, sooner than all his other

other Doubts; and ſo took a Reſolution of rather ſerving an unknown Perſon, than (at length) to run the hazard of knowing him ſo well: And ſo, turning himſelf about to the *Burgor*, told him, although but ſoftly; *We may do you reaſon to the Two firſt Articles, comprized in your Demands; but for the Third, it is only Wine for the Company; and therefore, Silver-Mony is never found among ſt ns, in caſe of a Reſtitution. I ſhall very freely forgive my Mony*, (ſayes the *Burgor*) *with all my Heart* (to *Ruſtaut*, for Joy of the Hopes that was given him, of having the reſt of his Things again) *and yet my Mony ſhall be but* (as it were) *a taſte of the Thankfulneſs, that I intend to make you. Then go* (ſayes *Ruſtaut*) *about your other Buſineſs, and come hither again about Two Hours hence, and you ſhall have your Deſire; for I will go, and take care*

about

about it. But first, May we not take Leave to drink a Health to a Stranger, and then I shall go, and acquit my self of this Business; and I, **Here's to you**; *and you may, if you please, do me Reason, or Pledge me.* This being said, he caused two great Glasses to be filled with Wine, which were reciprocally emptied: After which, the *Burgor* pray'd *Rustaut* to give him leave to send him in some Bottles of better Wine: But, as honest Men are alwayes suspected in such Company, *Rustaut* desired to be excused, giving him Thanks. So the *Burgor* retired, till the Time appointed was come.

When the *Burgor* was gone forth, *Rustaut* began to speak to the whole Band that was there, after a Majestical manner, saying; *Children, which of you can give me any Tydings of that which was last Night, upon the Bridge*

of

of Noſterdame, *and have not given me an Account of it?* At which Words, the Intermixed Diſcourſe, which made ſuch a Confuſed Noiſe in that Place, was as ſoon Converted into as great a Silence; as if every one had been ſtruck Dumb, or had loſt their Tongues; the Guilty not daring to declare, and the Other fearing to be accuſed of a Fault they had not committed; chuſing rather to be ſilent, than ſpeak, except it came to be excuſed with a Heat. But when *Ruſtaut* ſaw that, he look't as if his Eyes had been all in a Flame of Fire; and, Cocking up the Brims of a Broad Hat, which he alwayes wore, continued his Chiding, and ſaid; *Is there any Raſcal here, that dares affront me, and coſen his Comrades in this manner? Where is the* Brigadier? *So, What Appartment had they Yeſter-day, for their Quarters? Whom*

were

were they, that had this Side for their Station? But, what is this here? But, will no Body make me any Answer? It must be for all this, when you have made your selves both Deaf and Dumb, that this certain Cloak, and certain Ring, must be found, if the one were already converted into the Covers of Chairs, and the other if it were beaten into Leaves, and those Leaves already applyed for the Gilding of the Leaves of some Books; yet these must be found, and restored. And to shew you, Gentlemen, that my Discourse is not without ground, but that I have a very good Foundation for what I say, see this Note, (throwing of the Writing down upon the Table, to them all, saying;) *Gentlemen, This Letter* (*without all doubt*) *was sent from some Body, whom we ought to give Respect unto the Orders, or else we shall assuredly be fore't to pay for the Prize that*

we have taken. Wherefore, pray think of our Preſervation betimes, and the Preſervation of the Goods of Violence from all ſuch as may put a Scandal upon us, and our Society. With that, up riſes *Bondrille*, and another called *Brindeſtoc*, and goes immediately out of the Chamber, without ſpeaking one word in Obedience to the Commands of *Ruſtaut*; which did but a little ſurprize our Youth *La Breeche*, to ſee a Man, who could ſcarcely go without the Help of his Staff, make thoſe tremble at his Commands, who could make others Gallop at the Sight of them, for very Fear.

With that, ſo ſoon as they were gone out, *Ruſtaut* addreſt himſelf to *La Breeche*, ſaying; That that Perſon, which was gone out with *Bondrille*, was the Nimbleſt, and and moſt Activeſt Man, in all the whole Company, and brought in

in much Profit into our Society: For, in the Markets, he will counterfeit the Country-Man; and in the Hall, a Practitioner; that is, amongſt the Lawyers, he is clad like a Student; and when amongſt the Great Ones, he is cloathed like a Gentleman: But in any of theſe Places, he ſeldom miſcarries. For if he ſees any thing that is proper or fit for his purpoſe, his Hand is upon it as ſoon as his Eyes have diſcovered; and if he doth but lay his Clutches on it, he aſſuredly brings his Prey along with him. He will furniſh his Companions with Blades for their Swords, which he buyes for nothing; for if he comes to a Cutlers with an empty Scabbard by his Side, he will be ſure to have one, whil'ſt the Cutler is looking for another to ſhew him: And ſo likewiſe, it is his Cuſtom too in Mens Lodgings: and if he finds no Body in his

way, he will take up that which he thinks to be the Beſt; then bidding them very ſoftly Farewel. And ſo, with a wonderful Stupidity; and not like ſome, that ſleeps upon the Brink of a Precipice; or as ſome others, that will rather flye with all Might and Main, as far from the Danger as they can, which makes them to be look't upon as Thieves. But, on the contrary, when he hath marched ſome Thirty Paces very modeſtly with his Booty, inſtead of minding his Pace to gain ground, for fear he ſhould be followed or ſtopped, he will turn Tail about, and ſet his Face towards the Place from whence he came out: And if he ſees any Body in purſuit of him, he goes ſoftly up to them, and ſo paſſes by on the one ſide of them; and ſo ſaves himſelf, and his Prey together. Sometimes, he will put

on

on a Petty-Coat over his own Cloaths, a Scarf over his Head, and a Mask before his Face; and ſo, in this Diſguiſe, he will attack the *Burgors* in the Streets, in clear Day; making them pay him Tribute, as they go along. Paſſengers, as they go by, imagining it to be only a Contention betwixt Man and Wife; and therefore, will not meddle in their Affairs. He carryed out one Evening two Fancies made of *Oziers*, and cloathed them in light Garments, and ſo diſpoſed of them in the Corner of the Street; and then went, and demanded a Purſe of a Man, which as ſoon delivered it; becauſe (as he ſaid) he could not hold combat with Three at a time, which appeared all very ſuitable to his Sight.

One of the Company, called *Beaulieu*, which was lately come from ſerving the King, under the

Diſcipline of a Committee, began to inform *Ruſtaut*, That there were many of the Brotherhood, which he could not ſee; asking, Where they were? To which he anſwered him thus: Thy very good Friend, *La Boline*, being ſo well known in the Town for a *Boulineux*, he is gone to Range the Country, with a deſigne of changing his Calling, and to betake himſelf to Play; for he is the moſt Subtle of the Hand. But, as it is alwayes a Truth, that the Affairs of a Man cannot alwayes proſper, or ſtand in the ſame Degree, as they are in when we undertake them: So it is fallen out here of late: For, within theſe few Dayes laſt paſt, it was his Fortune to take ſome certain Pieces of Gold out of a Cup of a Church-Mans, pretending only to have changed them for a leſs: But he was Coffered up, or Impriſoned,

ed, in true *Engliſh*; notwithſtanding all that he could alleadge for himſelf, that the Church was a Refuge for Sinners, and the like. *La Foreſt*, and *Du Buiſſon*, after they had a little while uſed the High-Wayes about *Normandy*, and there-abouts, had the Fortune to be hurt at the Croſs of the Shooters, and are ſince dead of their Wounds, (that is, they are Hanged, and ſo Dead.) *Longeuin la Jeuneſſe*, and *La Fleur* are gone to Fence againſt the Bottom of the Sea, with Wooden-Swords; (that is, they are gone to the Galleys.) I underſtand you now, (ſayes *Beaulieu*) for you will ſay, They are gone to take my Place. But for the following of St. *John*, St. *Charles*, and St. *Andrew la Balaffre*, (replyed *Ruſtaut*) they are Martyred with the Blows given them with the Knees, and are inchaſed at the Chyrurgeons;

(that

(that is, being Martyred with the Knees: It is a Custom in *France*, when a Man is Hanged, that he may be quickly out of his Pain, the Hangman thumps him on the Breast with his Knees; and being inchased, they were begged for Anatomies; and this is the Meaning of it.) And *La Ramee* was called aside, and ty'd from his Meat in *England*: But, as they were leading him out towards *Tyburn*, which is the Place of Execution out of the City of *London*: This Fellow believing, that the People of that Country were of another Understanding, than that of *France*, he prayed those that guarded him to this Fatal Place, that they would permit him to make a Step over into his own Country; for he had something of Consequence to say to his Father before he dyed; making them to believe, that they ought

ght not to deny any thing to their Patient: But his Requeſt was not heard, becauſe he ſpake to thoſe that were deaf in his Cauſe. Therefore, (ſayes *Ruſtaut*) there is nothing more certain than this: for when the Meaſure is full, it muſt be emptyed: Our poor Young Man had by this time made many a fair Eſcape already; and, amongſt the reſt, he had the good fortune one Evening, being perceived a breaking in through a Wall, he was immediately beſet by the Archers of the Guſt, or the Sheriff's Watch; which incloſed him ſo quickly, that he by a Subtilty mingled amongſt them; ſo that they miſtook the one for the other, ſeizing of their own Comrades for the Thief, which they had away towards the Priſon, whilſt he got away, and made his Eſcape to my Lodging, & no Body eſpyed him running a-

way: So I put him into his Bed, with his Cloaths on, and a Night-Cap on his Head; whilst the other was hal'd to the Prison-Door, and well beaten: But when they found their Mistake, insomuch that they knew the Party in hand to be one of their own Company; then they began to hunt as fast for the Thief, judging him not to be far off, because they had not seen any Body run away: So they pursu'd their Game too into my Chamber, where they found their Man in Bed; whom I told them, was my Kinsman, and he was very Sick: And what served me better than all the rest, was three Porringers of Blood, which I had sent for into the Town, the Blood being still upon the Table; insomuch that my Lie passed for a perfect Truth, and the Archers took it for no less; and so took their Leave of me; telling me

with-

withal, That if they had not found the Hat and Cloak lying on the Ground, they ſhould have taken this Encounter for an abſolute Alluſion.

Therefore, (ſays *Ruſtaut*) I would adviſe all the Brotherhood, be they Travellers or others, that they, above all things, be ſure to keep a fair Correſpondence of Love and Friendſhip with the Officers of Juſtice, or the Executioners, and their Deputies: So that, they may be ſure to have a Kindneſs done them in time of need, when there is an occaſion. That is Truth, (ſayes *Beaulieu*, laughing) for ſuch an one may ſave a Man's Life, when he is Condemned to be Hang'd, by putting the Noſe of a pair of Bellows down his Throat, like a piece of Cinamon; and ſo it may hinder him from Expiring. No, (ſayes *Ruſtaut*, Laughing alſo) that is not

it; but they can put a Slice of Bacon on the Patient's Shoulder, before they put the Princes Arms to it; beſides many other Favours, when the Patient's ill Fortune hath deſtined him to their Diſcretion.

So, when *Ruſtaut* had ended his Diſcourſe, the Cloak was brought, with the Ring, to be put into the Poſſeſſion of him that was the Maſter; who came in very ſhortly after, and received them both, accodring to Promiſe. So the *Burgor* made *Ruſtaut* a Preſent; but he was long deliberating, whether he ſhould, or ſhould not receive it, as not being accuſtomed to part with any thing that he had gotten, till now, ſo eaſily; neither did he ever make any Acquiſition, but only againſt the Propriators, in any Degree whatſoever: But however, for fear that the *Burgor* ſhould ſee him make

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Ceremonies, and Complement with him, and ſo might carry away his Preſent again, he as civilly took the Preſent, and diſmiſſed the *Burgor*.

This being no ſooner ended, but in comes an old Man to *Ruſtaut*, named *Angleberge*, and was accompanyed by another old Man, that was Lean and Dry, and as free from Moiſture (almoſt) as a Stock-Fiſh, in full hopes of marrying a Maid, as he had been informed of, that was very Rich, and one who had ſerved already a long time for the Production of Mankind, and the Propagation of Human Society: And this he ſpake aloud, without fear of putting himſelf, or any of the Company to the Bluſh. *why, how now* Lucas, (ſayes one to this old Man, for ſo was his Name) *what! Do you Court a Miſtriſs without any Complement, or Formality at all?*

With that a great lusty, fat, jovial Fellow, whose Name was *Roger*, and one who had accompanyed this old Man thither, replyed, saying; *That one could not choose, but use more Ceremony than this to a Simple Girle, who never had the wit to be gotten with Child; and therefore, he must not expect to gain this so easily, who was fitter for him by many degrees, than another, by reason she was fitting to govern his House, and Household-Affairs.*

But *Rustaut*, who was near of Kin to this Damosel, whose Name was *Jacqueline*, having heard the Demands that *Lucas* made to have his Kinswoman; and seeing him to be in a better Habit, than he was accustomed to be in; and withal, knowing of him to be a Cryer of Strong-Waters about the Street, he answered him thus: *My old Friend, It is certainly the Custom,*

Cuſtom, for Lovers to put themſelves into their beſt Accoutrement, when they come to appear before their Miſtreſſes; and it is as certain, that an ample, and well made Beard, which you now have, was (not long ſince) ſo heavy, that it covered almoſt all your Face; although it is now abated, ſhews a great Diſproportion in your Years; ſhe not having much more than one Quarter of your Age; ſo great is the Diſparity of your Years: So that, by the Courſe of Nature, you will be ready enough of your ſelf, to ſound your own Retreat, rather than to make it your Buſineſs to charge your ſelf with an Equipage, which can ſtand you in no other ſtead, but only to haſten your Diſpatches into another World. This Buxom Girle, that you look after, were fitter for a young Huſband, and would agree much better with one that hath not nothing near ſo many Years over his Head, as you

have. And besides, a young Woman is like an old Clock, which never Goes well, except it be often Wound up: But an old Man is like a Vessel of sowre Wine: For you have not above a Turn of Hair of the colour of a Baracan, *which looks on both sides of your Jaws, like two Whisks, which are only to make clean Cloaths; and the Hair of your Head looks like a Cap of a flesh Colour; and your Nose resembles more the Neck of an* Alimbeck, *that is alwayes dropping; and you are as wetted, as if it had rained out of a Glass on your Stomack; and you are upon the very Brink of the Streams of Forgetfulness: and you may travel a great way, before you arrive at the Fountain of Pleasures; it being (as it were) in Retrograde against you: And when you come there, you may chance to have the Cheat put upon you there also; for, How can you expect to have a Wife*

to

to your Self, that is accuſtomed to ſerve others? And now, what can you think of theſe Affairs, (ſayes *Rufaut*, turning himſelf towards *Roger*, who had very diligently hearkened to all their Diſcourſe; and made Anſwer to it thus:) *why truly, I think,* (ſayes he, Laughing) *that* Lucas *may be like one of thoſe Cowardly Souldiers, which dares not give the Aſſault, till the Breach be wide open: And* Jacqueline *makes Love like the Wolves, who alwayes make their Choice of the Ugliеſt Males.*

But, in ſpight of all theſe Reaſons, and the Jars of them all, *Lucas* and *Jacqueline* pledged their Faith to each other in Marriage: and it was ſtipulated betwixt them both, that ſhe ſhould have a Dowry of *One Thouſand Crowns*, to be raiſed upon the Goods and Eſtate of *Lucas*, although he could not name to the Value of *One Far-*

thing, of his own proper Eſtate. And as for that *Jacqueline*, her Riches conſiſted moſt in many good Acquaintance; which, ſhe ſwore, was worth a great deal of Mony: But withal, ſhe was very ill Clad; of which, *Lucas* complained very much. But *Roger* anſwered him, *That it was a very good Commodity: For*, (ſayes he) *you muſt undreſs her quite, before ſhe goes to Bed with you.*

But at length, the Match was ſigned, and the Ceremony of Marriage accompliſhed, and the Feaſt provided; which was ſome groſs Meat, and ſome as delicate Inter-Meſſes; and all was to be at an old Creator of Love, otherwiſe a Bawd, called *Ragonde*, the moſt Experienced of all the Trade: And for her better Traffick, ſhe had made Choice of a Houſe in a By-place, and in a Quarter of the Town; where very ſeldom,

or

never any honeſt Man went, except by Accident, or for a Wager. She uſed Divinations, lending of Mony, treating of Marriages, and traded in Brokery: But particularly, in Girles or, Whores; of which ſort, ſhe had alwayes a ſufficient Number in her Houſe; of whoſe Virginity, ſhe had already taken the firſt Tribute; but ceaſt not, every Day, to raiſe ſome new Impoſt upon them: For this cunning Gipſey knows ſo well her Trade, that ſhe can tell how to Accommodate them with *Roach-Allom*, *Salt of Saturn*, *le Conſolida Major*, with other Ingredients, which ſhe by her Subtilty made uſe of. So that, ſhe could oftentimes ſell one Maiden-Head in the ſame Perſon, for as good as it was at the very firſt. And, in the mean time, ſhe ordered her Affairs ſo well, that the Thieves (for the moſt

moſt part) brought all, or the greateſt part of their Booty to that Place, or ſome ſuch like; which alwayes made the more Water come to her Mill: and withal, the *Burgors* could live more ſecure, and at their Liberty.

But the Petitioners of *Ragonde*, ſeeing of *Jacqueline* coming, they all went out to meet and ſalute her; they being (as it were) then all undreſt, and in ſuch a Confuſed manner, that it would have frightned any indifferent Beholder to have ſeen them: For the one had a Bigen, ſo bedawb'd with the Yolks of Eggs, that you would have thought her Head to have been wrapped up in a Namlet: Others held a Box of *Pumade*, or the Shells of *Vermillion*: Another had her Hands ſo beſmear'd with the Paſte of *Almonds*, that ſhe could not tell what Countenance to make: Another had her Face cicatriced,

tricked, by having received an unfortunate Blow, (you may gueſs how) which ſhe alwayes, when Dreſt, covered with falſe Hair: Others, having no Neck Cloaths, ſhewed great Bunches, all ſwell'd, which by Day they kept bound up with Bands, that they might not be ſeen. But the moſt Ridiculous of all, was to ſee a great foul Beaſt, with a piece of Spunge ty'd to her Busk with the End of a Lace; which made *Ruſtaut* ask her, If ſhe were cleaning of her ſelf with Sweet Water? To which, *Roger*, taking the word out his Mouth, anſwered; *That he had rather ſmell Piſs, than that ſweet Angle-Water*, (as he call'd it); *and that, in his Opinion, ſeeing the Spunge hanging ſo near her Navel, he gueſt that it might be employed rather about her Inferior, or uncomly Parts, than about any thing elſe.* At which, every one fell a Laugh-

Laughing, But a little after, all these *Curtizans* were dreſt in a little better Faſhion, and each appeared in their beſt Luſtre they could; and the Gueſts appeared there, was all ſuch as by hazard came thither: For, in that Lodging, every one was as well received, as if he had been in his own proper Lodging. And *Ragonde*, to do them the more Honour, ſeeing a great number of People, made them all ſit down to Table with them; where ſome fell to Eating, without ſaying of Grace before Meat; of which *Ruſtant*, the better to counterfeit the Judicious, told ſome of the Company of it: At which, one of his own Diſciples ſaid a ſorry Grace; at the which, he declared himſelf to be at the very End of his Science; and that he could never, in all his Life-time, attain to any more, than what he had now done.

And

And yet, you have made a Shift to retain this still by rote, replyed Roger. Another said; *If we were not accompanyed with the Pottages, I would willingly know, why we do not use this Ceremony at Breakfast? It is* (sayes another to this Twattle Basket) *to hinder the Intrusions of the* Dæmons, *or* Goblings *now, which will scarcely come to trouble you at that time; because they have often heard say, by those that do prepare themselves for that Exercise, That they are so Hungry, that they could eat the* Devil *Raw, if they had him.*

So, by and by, every one began his Discourse, according as his Fancy excited him to it: So that, by this time, there was such a Medly of confused Noise between both Sexes, that none could tell scarcely, what the other said.

One of the Damosels, named *Cloris Folygarcette*, who was of *Ragondes*

gondes bringing up, and one of the first Rank in her Assembly, sayes to *La Breeche*, that was eating as fast as he could: *My Dear I think that an Allyance betwixt us were more Reasonable, than that*, speaking of the Old Man, and his Bride. *Why not? truly*, (replyed he) *the Difficulty would not be great neither to make it; for I could find in my Heart, to love thee already: For such a Lickerish Bit as thou art, would serve me to break my Fast upon.*

By this time, *Roger*, who had heard all this Discourse betwixt the two Jollyest of the whole Band, told her; *That she might do well, to prefer those Advantages to another; and that they would give her one of a more flourishing Age: For she did not so much as look nor regard those brave Antient Fellows*, sayes *Roger*.

But

But *Ragonde*, when she knew this Discourse made for her, began to lift up her Voice so well she could, for the Disability of her Stomack, which was only sustained by the Help of some Glasses of Wine, which she swallowed, which otherwise could hardly have subsisted: Yet being (as it should seem) somewhat heated with Wine and Anger together, she took *Roger* by the Shoulder to put him out of Doors; telling him, *That she would be Respected in her own Lodgings.* But another old Hagg, whose Name was *Quintine*, of a more amiable Humor, as being the Mother of *Angilberd*, who was also come to the Feast, stood up, and appeased her; telling her, *That they were both Young enough to see the Production of* Lucas's *Children to the Third Generation, by this Marriage now Consummated.*

So, this Stir being appeased and as *Roger*, who had lighted the Flambeau of all this Discord went to drink a Health to *Ragonde*, they heard a great Noise in the Street; and *Ragonde*, believing it to have been the Commissary, with his Attendance, who was coming to visit her Magazines, began to pray some of the Company to be as Modest as they could, in their Countenance and Carriage: But, without hearkening to her Discourse, they betook themselves to the Rout, with all the Might and Main they could. And so, rising from the Table in a Confusion, some run to save themselves in the Garret, and others in the Sellar; and some, who knew neither Door nor Passage, nor how to save themselves in any Place; these put themselves under the Protection of a Servant-Maid, who conveyed them

em into a common Place of Safe-; and ſo returned into the hamber, where ſhe ſtaid with-ut Fear, becauſe ſhe had been ften accuſtomed to theſe Alarms. ut, on the other ſide, they thought the Houſe had been be-ſieged: For they without, conti-nued knocking in ſuch a Manner and Force, as if they would have beat down the Door, or elſe have beat him in pieces; which obliged *Ragonde*, to put her ſelf out of the Window of an empty Chamber, where ſhe had convey-ed her ſelf for fear: and for fear of the worſt, ſhe made haſt down, and cry'd out a main, *A Wedding, a Wedding! Vivat, Vivat!* and ſo ſent her Maid directly to open the Door to her new-come Gueſt; which proved to be *Bondrille*, *Brin-deſtoc*, *Beaulieu*, and others, all her very good Friends, and *Ruſtaut*'s Officers; who ſerved as a Con-

voy, to a Broach full of Legs of Mutton, which one of them had civilly taken up from a *Roſiſſier*, or (as we ſay) out of a *Cook's* Shop, ready Roaſted, and conveyed them ſafe (with a great deal of Hazard) to that Place; after having made many Turnings and Windings, to loſe the Sight of the Cook, who had purſued them very cloſe at the Heels, for a great while together.

But by the Arrival of this Troop from Abroad, our diſperſed Troops at Home, began to take Heart, and to Re-aſſemble themſelves again; and ſo began to place themſelves in Order at the Table, which was now much better Furniſhed, than before it was, and alſo better beſet with Company; inſomuch, that this ſupply of Meat, made every one begin to think of diſburſing for Wine, of which they had quickly good ſtore; for

they

they fill'd a great many Bottles, of the which they began every one to Drink heartily, and ſome whole Bottles at a Health; ſo that in a ſhort time, there was little Diſtinction to be made in that Aſſembly: For the Fair and the Foul, the White and Brown, the Gentle-women, Towns-women, or Country-women was all one, all were joval Dames alike; ſo were the Thieves, Pick-pockets, Gentlemen, and Beggars were alſo mingled at this time: that it ſeemed to be according to the ſayings of *Socrates*, that for the better Eſtabliſhing of a Society, ſayes, *That every Man ſhould Imagin himſelf to be the Husband of each Woman, and every Woman to be the Wife of all thoſe Men.* At which words, one of the Company being one of the moſt Rejoyced or Frollickſom, began to look about her, ſaying, *That if*

th re

there were any Eunuches in the Company, they ought to be Expulsed out of the Company as useless, and rotten Members, which to be cut away for the Preservation of the rest of the Body, that was sound and good; to which *Roger* Answered, *That those Men were very good Coverers, for it never Rained where they Wrought*; that is a Truth sayes she, *But they are very bad Arithmeticians, for they cannot Multiply, and they are as troublesom in their Conferences, for they never come to a Conclusion.* At the same time, another who sought to lay hold on something, alwayes began to tell one, who was in her Year of Novice, or the beginning of her Practice; that he had heard one say, *That she was a Cuclet*, to which she Answers, *I do admire how you come to know that already; for it is not long since my* whether *go you? or, Stay for this time*

time here, or the like, was by me. O *but* (replyed he) *you ſhould have made him Anſwer to this half Term thus; And, I pray, How do you call the next Week? for the People of Monaſteries change often their Names and Habits.* So he finding, that he had not to do with a Fool, he left her, and addreſt himſelf to another Cocket, whoſe Name was *Diana*; and told her, *That one of the Company,* (pointing at them with his Finger) *had aſſured him, that it was not long ſince, the beſt of her Employment was Shelling of Beans; and that ſhe could not go in high-Heel'd Shoes, as being only accuſtomed to wear only Sabous, or Wooden-Shoes, having never wore any thing elſe, till now of late; and that her Right Name was* Friacrine.

But another, whoſe Name was *Philipotte*; but becauſe ſhe would have a more Gallant Name, ſhe was named *Silvy*: This took the

Diſ-

Diſcourſe upon her ſelf, becauſe there was a Diſcourſe about her Quality and Greatneſs; and, as if ſhe had been mounted upon her great Horſe, replyed, and ſwore, *That thoſe had undertaken to talk on that Faſhion, knew full eaſily, that ſhe was a Gentlewoman of good Faſhion; and had paid a good Price for her Letters of Teſtimony. That is a Truth indeed,* (replyed the above-ſaid *Roger*, ſpeaking into the Air, like a Buffoon, or as he made himſelf, a Fool) *that there were many, as he had heard ſay, that could ſay as well as himſelf, That ſhe was Noble: And if ſhe did want a more ſufficien Teſtimony than this, ſhe might apply her ſelf to ſome ſweet and loving Notes, which he had ſent her, whoſe Superſcriptions were thus*; **A Mademoiſelle, Houſt-houſt, a La Mothepreſs de Trouliput.** But as ſhe had her Spirits at that time very flat, and ſtood

ood as one ſpeechleſs, ſhe could ot revenge her ſelf upon *Roger* by any thing, but by making an ly Face at him: But, by this time, *Diana* was come into the Light, and began as furiouſly to attack *Simonette*, otherwiſe call'd *Louyſon du Marais*, the ſame which *Roger* had ſhewn; and at this they joyned with the above-known *Silvia*; inſomuch that theſe Three being become Enemies by the Force of the Wine, they began ſo furiouſly to pull Quails, that in a little time they were obliged to quit the Field and Combat, leaving the Place of Battle covered with their Cloaths, ſome of brave Gaze, Muſline, Taffities, and other Silks; inſomuch, that about Day-light, the pieces of Ribbond, and other things, which before had ſerved to dreſs, and make them fine, lay all here to be ſeen in pieces: So that, at laſt, they

were fain to cover themſelves with what was left of their Cloaths, which was torn almoſt as ſmall as their Scarffs: Aud their Quoiffs hung down to their Heels, which made look more like Witches, then Courtizans; for they were obliged to put Patches upon their Faces, as big as Silk-Worms, and as long, to ſerve for Plaiſters to cover the Scratchings of each other, which were given in this Battle. *Ruſtaut* would have undertaken to have interpoſed himſelf betwixt them, and ſo to have made them Friends again: But *Ragonde* undertook the Charge, and made them Reciprocally give each other Satisfaction upon the Field; inſomuch, that they ſhould all be acknowledged for Gentlewomen. But then *Roger*, who had not only been the Author and Beholder of their Combat, but was alſo a Witneſs to their Agree-

greement; and ſo, to expreſs his Joy for the ſame, told them, That he would give them an *Elogy*, or a Song, which he began after a rude and ridiculous Faſhion: But yet after his manner, the Verſes were convenient enough for the Occaſion; which are as followeth.

To the end that we may finiſh all Contentions,
That ſwims above all Good Conditions:
A Maid, ſo ſoon as ſhe is entred into the Commerce,
Ought not to diſpute above her Quality:
For Love's Children are all in Equality,
And will not be ſuffered in a Controverſie.

This Piece concluded, and every one having again taken his

Place, they began a freſh to fall a Drinking, and a Diſcourſing; where Mademoiſelle *Cloris*, who had an indifferent good Voyce, began to ſing.

Learn you firſt the Uſe of wine,
Phillis, *for it is a Beveridge Divine;*
Which will increaſe your Glory:
If you can charm the Heart with your
Divine Apparel,
When you have learned how to Drink,
You may make up all Breaches and
Treſpaſſes:
For your fine Eyes will give a better
Luſtre,
And you may look more coyly there;
And make you Slaves every where,
Without uſing theſe Famous Warriors,
Who come from their Onyons and Ra-
diſh,
And manage your Affairs for Lo-
rilles.

And now, What think you af my
Song

Song Cupidon, *with your wide Chops*, (ſayes *Cloris* to *Roger*, who gad liſten'd very attentively to her all the while?) *why*, (ſayes he) *I think it is very like you: ſhe is diſpleaſed; I know it already by Rote; and would Joyne with you in Conſort, if my Foſſet could but be Accommodated to your Voyce; but I can neither lead on my Party, nor bate of my Meaſure. But this young Sleeper may* (ſayes ſhe, ſpeaking of *Theodore*, who look't up with a kind of Lecherous Eye) *be better for my turn. Yes, I believe* (ſayes *Roger*) *if he had his Spigot in your Foſſet, called a* Croperpice, *he might turn it eaſie enough, if not too eaſily; feeling for the Corners of it, as a Shoo-maker doth a Pair of Boots, when he ſtuffs them: But you anſwer not a word to this.* But with this, ſhe replyed to *Theodore*: *Up my Lecherous Friend; for I ſuppoſe, you hearken to all this Diſ-*

course, but for your better Instruction. A-ho! (sayes *Theodore*) *it will take up a great deal of Time for a Prentice to Learn a Trade so well, that he shall out-do his Master: But when you please, that I shall teach ou to study the Metamorphosis upside down, I will be* Andromede, *and you shall be* Perseus. *Do but behold this Knave,* (saith she aloud, Laughing with a full Mouth): *They say* (sayes she) *that he doth not know what is a troubled Water; and yet he is the nimblest Station in all our Stable.* But *Lucas* all this while was like one stupid, who spake not one word, nor moved at the Table so well as the others: But when *Ragonde* saw it, she cryes out; *why, how now Mr. Bridegroom? What, Can you make Money of nothing? For by your sad and heavy Countenance, you are able of your self to put us all into the Dumps: Come, warm your self*

well

well with your Wine, and chear up a little Mrs. Bride, your Spouse: What, Would you have her to leap about your Neck? But if she should, it would be contrary to the Custom: Besides, she is too Modest, and dares not now, since she is Married, so much as look upon a Man without Blushing. But this Old Fool *Lucas*, being entred a little into Jollity, replyed; *That he had seen her continually Twattling with one or other; and therefore, is now more Reserved than she us'd to be; for she admits of none, but* French *and Strangers. But as concerning the Affairs you spoke to me about,—Me* (sayes *Roger*, who having by this time learnt, that she was *English*-Born, sayes to her,) *If this may pass for a Stable, you may also pass for one of the best Geldings in it: And besides, having so good a Stalion as this, you may both together Engender very good Colts.*

But there are more Days than Weeks; therefore, you muſt give a little Reſt. All this is Truth, (Replyed' *Ragonde* to him) *and yet you have already well beaten the Wood, ſince you were Conjugally bound to* Jacqueline *in Marriage: And beſides, you ought alwayes to conſider, that a Place not well Victualled, is eaſily Taken by the Enemy.* But ſhe ſaid for Anſwer; *That if ſhe had not been Marryed, ſhe muſt never have drank Wine; wherefore, it was rather to have the Entertainment of a Woman, than for Carnal Actions: And that he believed his Wife to be wiſer, than to go about by Force to take that Purity from him, which he had ſo long preſerved intirely to himſelf.* But this being overheard by *Ragonde*, and the reſt of the Company, who began all very heartily to laugh at ſuch a Diſcourſe as this; at which the Old Belldam began to ſing thus

upon

upon this Subject, as followeth:

Ragonde's Song for *Lucas.*

when thou art in Hell, ——Biſs,
The Old Man Lucifer, ——Biſs,
will ask out of what Mue
They have hunted this Faulcon,
which hath not led his Life
Neither amongſt Wine nor Women?

But ſtay a little then, (cryes *La Breeche* to another young Gentlewoman of the Gang, which *Ragonde* had there to be Broken up) *you have ſtollen away my Heart, and I will feel in thy Belly to find him again.* But the Woman was very much troubled, that he ſhould be ſo Inſolent, as to offer ſuch a rude Diſcourſe before thoſe Girls: But *Roger* takes up the Word, and asked, *If there were any Body in that Place, that had their Ears more Chaſt, than all the reſt*

reſt of their Bodies? But as they were at that time, become all good Friends again, ſhe made him anſwer; *That there was none but very honeſt Girls with her now*, Laughing: But that their Government was a little Scandalous, whil'ſt *Angilberd* began to ſing the Song of *Dupont* and *Guimbarde*, upon which *Quintine* ſung Proſperity to *Lubeine*, and his Loyal and Noble Friends; and then every one in Courſe gave his Song as he pleaſed; as ſome for *Bacchus*, ſome for *Mars*, and ſome in favour of *Vulcan*'s Wife: So that, every one gave a Song as they pleaſed, except *Bondrille*, who could not poſſibly ſing, becauſe he had his Mouth alwayes full; which was eſpyed by one, who loved Rallying as her Life; who ſayes: *Come on, my brave Cavalier, now is your turn to ſing; but you are above the Potter now. Why, that*

were

were good for a Dance, (ſayes he) *but do not ſpeak one Word more of Dancing above the Potter; for thereof I am ſuſpected: And beſides, I am Tall enough, and need not to be ſtretched.* After this Anſwer given, which was Merry enough for the Matter it concerned: But this fooliſh Giggler, that thought to Laugh alwayes, replyed; *That he was a very fit and proper Perſonage, to ſtudy Youthfulneſs in the Doctors School.* Which words, by a Miſ-underſtanding, very much offended *Bondrille*; inſomuch, that he roſe from the Table in a great Heat, with a deſign to have evilly intreated her; but ſhe fled amain, and he purſued after to catch her; and when he had over-taken her, he went to pull her by the Ears, and as he went to lay hold on them, he found none; which made him return almoſt chok't with Laughter to

the reſt of the Company, to relate his Adventure. *That is very good*, (cryes *Roger*) *and a moſt excellent Commodity for a Combe to paſs without Moleſtation:* And ſo conſequently, each had ſomething or other to ſay of Gallantry, about the Loſs of the Ear. Some counſelled her to put ſome pieces of Carton collour'd for Ears; but to take heed of letting them fall, for fear that People in the Street ſhould cry after her, *Madam, take up your Ears before you go.* Another made a kind of a Moral Diſcourſe, by way of Reflection upon this ſilly Fool, and her Talk; either as much diſcourſed her manner of Life; ſaying, *That ſhe would not be exempted one Day or other, from ſerving for a Model in the Academy of Death.* But another made anſwer, *That when that Holy-Day came, they would Conſume her.* But *Ragonde*, to reproach this La-

dy

dy without Ears, told her; *That she would not have her to Dress her self in the Mode, but with Coronets only.* With that stood up one of the bravest of the whole Company; who was drest in a Coronet, with a few light Hairs over it; and ruffled out in a Dozen of small Curles, or Trusses, saying, *Hold there, Governess; for I have taken part elsewhere.* With that our Gentlewoman without Ears, being a little freed of her Fears, and pretty well come to her self again, would begin to enter the List to babble again; saying, *That she would take a new Party also, and would make her Quarters in* Normandy, *and had already given Earnest for a Place in the Coach that goes to* Roan. *What then, you think to do some strange Matters in that Country,* (replyes *Roger*) *which is the only Rendezvouz of those Girls which are out of Trade,*

and

and Communes with theſe that are here; or elſe, it may be, you imagine to draw great Profits from the Portugals *and* Flemmines: *But, by the Faith of* Roger, *thou wilt ſooner cauſe all the People in the Town to flye from thee, when thou comeſt there without thy Ears, if they do but come to know it ſooner, than thou wilt be able to induce one to follow thee by all thy Charms.*

But one whoſe Name was *Thibaut*, being Drunk, took an Occaſion to quarrel with *Quintine*, calling her *Old*, dreſt up in Old Cloaths. *That is Truth*, (ſayes ſhe) *thou Old Cuckold*. At which he ſeemed to be very much troubled, and began to ſtrike *Quintine*; which, when *Ragonde* ſaw, ſhe began to be angry, and put him away, ſeeing him much in Drink, that ſhe might appeaſe the Noiſe. But *Roger* ſeeing one of the Company endeavouring to bring

bring him in again, called to him, and bad him have a Care; *For if she should chance to fall upon you by the way*, (sayes he) *he might enganger the cleaving of you in two with his Horns.*

By this time *Ragonde* begins to approach *Theodore*, for to Caress him; but he as quickly flings himself from her: Telling her, *That the very Strength of her Breath would poyson him, if his were not well fortify'd by the Quantity of Wine which he had drank; which served as an Antidote against the Infection of it:* For, to say the Truth of it, she was *Ptysical*, and did throw out such Glanders, so thick and ugly, that it would have turned any reasonable Stomack of either Man or Beast: For one would have thought, that all that she did either Eat or Drink, did convert it self into this filthy Excrement; and that the only passage

ſage for it out of her Body, was through her Eyes and Noſe.

But the moſt Charming amongſt all thoſe brave Dames, that ſhewed themſelves in that Place, was one *Clytie*; but the moſt falſe Miſtriſs of the Sun, who Ador'd none ſo much as an *Alchymiſt*: But ſhe quickly put her ſelf out of the Company, to follow a VVoman whom ſhe ſerved underhand: feigning themſelves to go to the Market, came and whiſpered him in the Ear: But in their Abſence, it was known, that but a little before, ſhe was a little Snotty Girl; who uſed in time of Vintage, to go and work in the Country; and ſo continued in the Village for to gather Hops, and ſuch like, till ſhe came to be in Love; and ſince that, ſhe undertook to counterfeit, or make the Gentlewoman; which ſhe did ſo well, that in thoſe ſweet Com-

Combats, ſhe carryed away the Prize from all the reſt of her Trade; having her VVitty and comely Geſtures ſtrong enough to move and invite any Man, if he were not quite ſtupify'd and ſenſleſs, without having occaſion to uſe any other little Wheedling ARTS, for to invite *Gentlemen*, *Courtiers*, *Merchants*, *Lawyers*, *Schollars*, and any others, were all wellcom; who, by the Example of *Layis*, that Famous *Sicilian*, who was oftner weary, than ſatisfyed with her Luſt; and that her Houſe was no more without Gallants, than a good Tavern without Drinkers: And he muſt of neceſſity be a Stranger to the Town, that did not know her.

But in this mean-while, *Jacqueline* had taken a Diſguſt againſt her Husband *Lucas*; and ſo, making her Excuſe to go out to Piſs,

and runs quite away; insomuch, that he could not tell what was become of her, neither did he put himself to any great trouble to know: But finding every one begine to Rail, and Jeer at him, he also went his way without speaking one word at all: And when Night came, some went to their Beds, and some abroad to their Good Fortunes here and there, where they could find it: And when the Morning was come, those that had staid at *Ragonde's* lodgings, had their Stomack up before their Eyes were well open; & so began to gather the Fragments together that were left over Night; and so make Griladoes for Breakfast, as fast they could.

But the Coming-in of *Bondrille* with Three or Four Cloaks upon his Back, as if he had been afraid, that his Limbs should have been stiff, or numb'd with Cold, put them

them into a little Perplexity, having his Spirits a little troubled, becauſe they went out *Four* of them together, and none but himſelf was return'd of all the Night-Company, who had traced the Town about; notwithſtanding he had waited at the Corners of the Streets for them ſo long, till his Legs were almoſt ſhrunk into his Body again. But by and by, comes one of them with a great Sackful of Goods, which he had brought from a Coach, aiding of the Paſſengers, as though he had been one of their Company, to place Them, and their Affairs; and ſo made his Eſcape away. Soon after this, came another with the Back-part of a Cloak, which he had cut from a Man's Back in a Croud, leaving only the two Fore-Lapets hanging like a pair of Hanging-Sleeves. But the laſt of all, was

the greateſt VVonder of all; for he came all Cut and Mangled, by getting out of a Sellar, where he was ſhut in to have been kept till Day, that they might have conveyed him to Priſon in the Morning, for having viſited ſome Lodgings, which he ſhould not have done, to have been found as he was at the Viſit.

But *Bondrille*, ſeeing all of his Comrades met again, he began to re-aſſume his good Humour, and to take his turn; and to talk of his Comrades, and their different Subtilities: *For* (ſayes he) *our Congregation is for the moſt part, Compoſed of a ſort of Men, which are good Takers up; but bear amongſt us the Name of Souldiers of the Short-Sword: And when they have ſerv'd their Apprenticeſhips, they go here and there, at their own Fantaſie, either to Cutt a Purſe, or any ſuch like Actions as this, which be-*

longs

longs to their Calling. Sometimes they go into the Tennis-Court; *where, toſſing ſome few Balls, they take up a good Cloak, and lay down an Old one in the Place; and ſo get away as far as they can, acting the Drunkard, for fear of being ſeen and purſued; and to be toſt in like manner, if they ſhould be taken: So likewiſe, if they come where they are playing at Bowls, they ſeldom miſs doing of ſomething; for whilſt they meaſure a doubtful Caſt, what is to be gotten, is their own lawful Goods: And ſo, at the Seaſon of Swimming, when Men are in the Water, they are making away the Cloaths, and leave the Swimmers to heat themſelves without Cloaths. So that, by theſe little Contrivances with the Times, they become fit for any greater Actions, as they ſhall be imployed about. And ſo, when they are capable of ſuch great Undertakings, then we enroll them Comrades, and*

Night-

Night-Walkers; of which Night-Walkers, the one of them the last Winter, got more himself alone, than Six others could do in Two Years: For, he would go into the Streets himself, with a Flambeau lighted in his Hand; and if any one would follow him for the Benefit of the Light, when he found themselves alone in a convenient Place, he having an Extinguisher in his Pocket for the purpose, he as soon puts out his Flambeau, and then leaps upon the Neck of the Man, and makes him pay him well for his Pains he has taken. But we have lost this brave Man out of our Society; for they have drawn his Soul out of his Body, as they would draw Water out of a Well, (That is, with a Rope) *and now, at this time, the Wind blows under his Feet:* (That is as much as to say, He hangs upon a Gibbet.)

Another of the Company, who is at preſent in the Country; which they call the Great Leaper, *by reaſon of his Great Agility: He is counted a brave Fellow alſo; for within theſe few Dayes, he emptied the Pockets of Two Gentlemen as they were a Hunting, Mounted on their brave Courſers; but he took them with ſo much Subtilty one by one, pretending to mind ſome thing that was amiſs in the Furniture of their Horſes, which they did not perceive, and ſo knew not what he did.*

So, we have VVomen alſo, (ſayes *Bondrille*) *which we call* Encroachers; *whoſe Buſineſs is only, for the moſt part, to viſit the Markets, and other Aſſemblies; when the Thickneſs of the Crowd will give them leave to fiſh in Troubled VVaters. Others will go to light a little Fire in a Houſe, where they make as if they were near Neighbours; and*

the

the other Day she went to look for Chambers to be Lett; and, under pretence of selling some things she had to sell, she took all that lay open, and could be with Convenience conveyed away. And these good Pieces are not only Faithful Keepers of what you bring to them; but also are Reformers of our Acquisitions: And in that they are as quick as any thing can be, to disguise any thing that is put into their Charge to dispose of; for they will so rarely disguise any thing, that it will be a very hard matter for any one to know his own Goods again, although they see it before their Eyes: Of which I am a VVitness; for a little before I was Enrolled in the Brother-hood, it was my Hap to Lodge one Night with some of my Friends, in the House of one of these VVork-VVomen; and giving her my Cloak, which I did usually wear, praying her to adjust it Handsomly for me; meaning

ing

ing only, that she should make it Clean, and no more: But on the Morrow-Morning I found my Cloak lin'd with another Stuff, which she caused to be put in; the Cap was turned up-side down, and Silk-Buttons in the place of a Silver-Galoon, with which it was bound; insomuch, that I had already handled him Three or Four times, in looking for him on all sides; but not knowing of him, till she put me out of my pain, by shewing of me what she had done, and the Work-man-ship she had bestowed on it.

But that which surpassed all the rest for Subtilty, was one whom we called the Giboubeuse. She usually goes about the Town with a Sack-ful of Straw, till she could espy a Place where she might make a better Fortune; and having found this, she would go in, and lay down her Pack for a better, and so be gone; as she did not many Dayes ago,

when she went into a Silk-Man's Shop, and there layes down a Child in the place of a Bundle of Sattin.

But to Conclude (sayes *Bondrille*) *we live like the* Bohemians, *who without buying of any thing, want nothing that is necessary for them. And as our Quarters are in divers Places, so we have Correspondents every where assuredly true to us.*

And then he began to discourse of his Exploits in the Wars, telling them, That he had met with a Knowing *Magician*, who had predicted to him; *That he should Dye in the Middle of a Medley of People; and that his Grave should be in the open Fields:* Of which he was not much Couzen'd; for some short time after this, he was taken in the Plains of *Long-Boyau*, doing of his Exercise; he was Killed in the Middle of a great

Assem-

Assembly, who was in a Confusion to see the Spectacle; and so, presently after, they carryed him out to the great High-way, where an Old-Wife served to circle him.

So some of our short Sword-Men have Acquaintance amongst your *Burgers*-Sons, who may serve to defray Charges every where; as being assured of the Supplyes out of their Purse upon all Occasions, if we can but make any thing of a Difference amongst them, in hopes that their Purse or Pockets may be emptyed by the Arm of those which carry your Cut-laces; because when they fall into any Treaties, it is only of this kind; where their Discourse is only of Cutting off of Heads, or Cutting their Bodies in pieces; promising them to take a severe Revenge upon all their Enemies, if they should be

as ſtrong as the Great *Mogul*; or, at the leaſt, they ſay, They will make them come to a very Honourable Compoſition. But theſe Advocates do often-times find their Practices ſo good, that they never deſire to ſee the End of the Controverſies: But, on the contrary, they frame new Differences under-hand, to the End that they may drink the oftner; for in ſuch Medleys as theſe, they make the beſt Reparations for the Belly.

And again, if they do make them believe, that they will Kill one another in cold Blood, making a great Stir and Combuſtion; yet all they do in this great Stir, is but to beat one another with the Flat Sides of the Sword, or Bulls-Piſle, or a Cudgel, according to the Quality of the Offence that hath been committed by our Duelliſts, or their Seconds.

But

But to say no more of this Company; for they are an open Bank, fit for the Extirpation of Men, which should do Service in the Publick: For they never Fight, but with the Quart-Pot; whilst these young foolish Fellows expect every moment to see the Overthrow of their Enemies, by these false brave Fellows, who call themselves by the names of the **Repairers of Wrongs and Outrages**, giving themselves great Names and Titles; whereof a Knight is the least amongst them, in all their Order; and making more Saints of this their Order, than there are in an Almanack.

But this Liberty, which had been so openly taken by them at *Ragonde's* House, began now to be much Retrenched by the Complaint of the Neighbour-hood; which made the Short-Sword-Men, and the Spinners of Wool,

to remove and with-draw: Insomuch, that in the House before, where there was nothing in it that was Good, but Evil; for it created more Mischief, than the BOX of *Pandora*. But now, there is nothing to be seen, but the *Amintas*, *Mariannes*, *Partheniaes*, the *Amaranthes*, *Fanchons*, and *Clorindes*; and these but rarely visited by some young, joyful Youths, who had never Courted the Ladies, but in a *Romance*; and this only but to make them a little bolder, when they found the occasion to appear before their Mistresses, whom they thought fit to be made their Wives.

And, in brief, you heard nothing now spoken of, but Flattering, and some Love-Toyes; and *Rozonde* her self incloystered in a small Room, beholding these new Miracles of Nature; so great was the Reformation: And her Busi-

ness

neſs now, was only to ſhew them the Methods, which properly belong'd to the Exerciſes which they intended to profeſs; as namely, how to hold their Countenance before a Looking-Glaſs, to ſet their Hair in divers Faſhions; and ſo conſequently, to dreſs and ſet themſelves out in the beſt Manner they can; and ſometimes, to bite their Lips, to make it ſhew more like unto Artificial Corral; pinch their Cheeks, to make the Paint ſhew the better; and to glance with the Eye to the purpoſe, very handſomly, and a hundred ſuch little Tricks as theſe, to make them ſet off the better, and handſomer to ſee to. To all which, the Pommade, Jeſſemy-water, Orange, Falſe Water, Falſe Pearls, and Ribbonds of all Collours, are not forgotten for the Adornment of theſe pretty Creatures, who call'd themſelves all

Sifters; and Old *Ragonde*, they called their Good Woman.

But *Theodore*, who had made Love to *Mademoiſelle Cloris*, continued ſtill to ſee her alwayes at *Ragonde*'s Houſe, and to Live with her, and other Ladies of Pleaſure, in a continual Debaucherry, leading a very lewd and unregulated Life; which laſted a long time, in ſpight of all his Friends could do, with all the Demonſtrances that they could make him to the contrary; inſomuch, that the Scandal of his Vitious Life was known every day more and more: So that, his Friends at laſt acquainted him, That if he would ſail againſt Wind and Tide, he muſt expect to run the Hazard of falling upon very dangerous Shelves, which would (without all doubt) caſt him away; for that the Debauches were only a Gilded Pill, which, who-

whoſoever did ſuffer himſelf to be carryed away by it, would (without all doubt) in time find the Bitterneſs of it at laſt. But their Policy was ſo well ordered, that within ſome few Hours after, moſt of all theſe looſe, and ill living People were taken, and ſecured by the Officers of Juſtice, and moſt Priſons were filled with them; of which, *Ragondè*, and her Penſioners were not exempted.

And now, ſee what comes by too much frequenting of ſuch Houſes and People as are ſo debauched. But *Ragonde*, who had a little before made her Lodging upon the Rampire of the Town, which (in her Thoughts) was a Place of leaſt Scandal: But however, ſhe found to her Coſt, that where the Sick-Man moves, his Diſtemper goes along with him alwayes.

But,

But, in ſhort, it was ordained, That the greateſt Part of our Debauched Girls ſhould be ſent to ſome *Iſlands* newly Diſcover'd; for which purpoſe they were Embarqued before the *Louer*, to be ſent down the River to *Roan*: But many of them were in Hopes of being Reſcued by the People in Power of that Town, as they went along, for the Service that they had render'd them in times paſt.

But ſome of them, being more vain, ſaid; If a *Turk*'s Man of War ſhould come Cruſing out of the Straits, it might happen, that the Ship where they were might be taken, and ſo ſome of them might be preſented to the Grand *Seignior*; and ſhe thought her Deſerts might make her to be Honoured with his Handkerchief, or a better Thing: So good a Conceit had ſhe of her ſelf and Actions.

But,

But, at length, they all took their Leave of the *Queens-Court*, the *Red-House*, *Chaillot*, of *Passy*, of *Soresne*, of *Boulogne*, St. *Cloud*; and above all the rest, of their so much beloved Lodging, the *Signe of the Great State*, where they had often been better Regarded, than now they were. And so, following on their Course till they came to *Poissy*, where at the same time many Thieves were Executed; some on the Wheel, some Hang'd, and others sent to the Galleys; to the end, that they might root out all those Disturbers of their Publick Peace and Tranquility, and that all People might Live in Security, both in Town and Country.

And now, behold! this was the Unhappy End of those, who, by leading of a Vitious Life altogether, without Controul or Order, had made themselves the Au-

thors

thors of their own Disgraces, and were not look't upon by any, but according to the petulant Humours of the People.

But *Theodore* had escap't this Danger by means of some of the Archers that were his Friends; who, for the means of some Money, so far favour'd him, that he got home to his Friends and Parents; where he now exercises an Honest Imploy, living according to his Birth amongst good People of Honour, and in a good Repute.

Now, let all those that are become Libertines like him, by any Accident whatsoever, learn to labor by his Example, if they do really intend to hinder the Tryumphs of an Evil over themselves in this manner; that they may not be a Witness themselves one Day, of their Enemies Joy for their Miscarriages.

Under-

Under-neath was written this
EPIGRAM:

True Fanfrons, that wears a Sword;
Free Catchers of all that the World
could afford;
Who by your rare Vertues, have
brought Imitations to see the Day:
But if you have a mind to do better,
you may.
Since at the last, Theodore *imitates*
your Life;
You ought at last, to imitate his, when
your Time serves.

☞ *The Matter* (ſaid I, when I had read it over to the *Poet*) *is very Rare, and the Stile ſmooth enough: wherefore, it is* (*without all doubt*) *a Piece of your own Compoſing.*

Pardon me, (ſayes he) *for it is a Friends of mine, who gave it to me to Correct it: But truly, I had rather leave it as it is, than to ſpoyl the Works of another.*

Why, (ſayes I to him) *you are able to give a Luſtre to any Work, ſooner than do it wrong.*

I do not doubt that at all, (replyed he): *But, to ſpeak without Vanity, I call that a Thing Spoyled, which another* (*it may be*) *calls a Good Reformation. And I am alſo perſwaded, that any Man, loving of his Progenitors, cannot like it well, if by Hazard, he ſhould beget a Crooked Child; and another, to make him Streight, ſhould take his Bunch or Crookedneſs away: This is, in effect,*

then

then such a Deformity. Wherefore, I had rather not run the Hazard at all, than to make my self disliked of by my Friend. And besides, It is not my Business to work in Prose.

But there are some Verses in it, (I replyed to him.)

But he made me Answer, That they came not from him; neither were they of his Composition.

But you have made very Good Ones in taking of Tobacco, (sayes I to him.)

But he made me Answer, That there was nothing less.

But I told him, I had heard them Rehearsed, and found them to be very agreeable; and that I had from time to time, diverted my self in the Hearing, and Seeing of them.

[redacted] at the same time, I saw upon his Table a great Lute; which made me say to him: *Sir,*

for

for ought that I can see, you are indued with a great many good Qualities, and are able to give a Lustre to all your other Works, by adding a sweet Harmony to their Force.

And you, Sir, (sayes he) *Methinks, are of a very easie Belief, that you can be so easily perswaded to believe a Supposition, as to rest satisfied by seeing of the Glove, and not the Hand: It is a hard matter for a Man to judge by the outward Appearance, what is within-side: For in a word, to tell you the Truth, This Study of a Lute, which you see, is only to put in some things of mine; which are at your Service, if you please.*

At the same time, he pulls out from under his Beds-Head a Shirt of Cloath, which was Fine enough; but so Old, and full of Holes, that he could not lye in it at Night, for fear of tearing it to pieces. But putting in of his Left-

Arm

Arm into the Sleeve, he put his Right-Arm into a Hole of the Shirt, thinking it had been the other Sleeve; and so came presently out of his Bed, and went to the Table; and there fell a Writing, till the Cold made him leave his Pen. And after this he goes, and opens his Study, or Belly of the Lute; out of which, he pulled a Lac'd-Band, laced with divers sorts of Lace; with a pair of Cuffs so deep, that they might reach from the Wrist to the Shoulder; with a Perrywig, that was neither White nor Red, but between both: Which, when I saw it, I asked of him, If he meant to dress himself like a Courtier?

To which he answered, muttering with his Lips, That he would have been better accommodated with his Hair than he was, if the Rogue had not run away with his Perry-wig, which he carryed

him to mend a Place in it, where the Hair was cut away, and to cure a Figure of an *Ostridges* Egg. *But truly* (sayes he) *this should not have served for a Scabbard for my Head, if I had not been a little too Familiar: And this made me to know, that I should sometimes pretend, but always know every thing: Wherefore, if you should be obliged to make an Answer, be sure that you do it so, that it may be pleasing: For the Old Saying is*; If a Thing be well Given, it may be well Taken.

But (sayes I) *this kind of Discourse is a little Obscure and Intricate; for there is none knows the Meaning of it, but your self.*

With that he replyes: *If you please to hear me, I will tell you how the Accident came: For, as it was my Hap to be one Evening with a Great Personage of the Court, who was then in an indifferent good Humour,*

mour, and asked me many pleasant Questions; to which I made him Answer after a jesting way, or (as they say) like a Buffoon; which made him as often to laugh heartily. But at last, he asked me, If I were not riding at the Funeral of one of my Brothers; telling me, That that very day they had Hanged a Poet. To which it was my Hap to make him for Answer, That I never did see any one Executed, but one Gentleman, who had his Head cut off; naming the Person; not thinking in the least, that the Party who dyed by the Edge of the Sword, was any thing a-kin to him: But he as soon cut off my Words, by throwing a Silver-Candlestick, with a Burning Wax-Light in it, at my Head; which Burning Candle was so intangled in my Hair, that the greatest Part of my Hair was burnt, before I could get the Candle out of it: Besides, I was in as much trouble how to get

away, for fear of my Life; for he purſued me with a Sword drawn in his Hand. And this is the main Reaſon, why I wear a Perrywig. And another Reaſon is this: It fortuned, that not long ſince, I would have Reſcued a Man out of the Hands of ſome that were leading ſome poor People to the Hoſpital; for which they fell upon me, and hurt my Head, as you ſee; for the Plaiſters remain upon it yet.

But, by this time, my Poet had almoſt Dreſt himſelf after his Faſhion; and we began to walk abroad together: But upon the Stairs, I Chanced to look back, and ſpyed him with but one Stocken on; which I gave him Notice of, and ſo he went back to put it on: and then came, and found me at the Street-Door, where I ſtaid for him. But we had not gone far, but a Man of his Acquaintance meets him, and

first Salutes him, and then asked of him, How he had passed the Night away?

"Without sleeping, (*sayes he*) "but in the most agreeable Di- "vertisements that ever Man had; "for, I believe, (*sayes he*) that the "*Nine Sisters* were never Inspi- "red with so brave Spirits, nor "indued with so many pleasant "Thoughts, as I was: Neither "was it possible, that ever I should "have attain'd to the Enjoy- "ment of such a happy Night's "Divertisement, if their Spirits "had not left them, to Court "and Caress me, to the great "Envy of one or other.

"Ha, Alas! (*sayes the other*) I "was not so Happy as you; for "I have blowed all this Night; "and that *Dæmon*, or *Devil*, that "Inspires us in our Cursed *Phy-* "*losophy*, was far off from Caress- "sing me; for he made a Cru-

"set

" ſet very well fitted with *le Lain*,
" *Antimony*, the *Stains of Ice*, or
" *Orpine*, live *Sulphur*, *Sanders*,
" and other *Drugs* that were ne-
" ceſſary; to which I had alrea-
" dy given them all the Degrees
" of Heat: So that, within two
" Dayes, it would have been
" *Gold* of the Higheſt Pitch, that
" would have endur'd Tryal with-
" out Dimunition: But it broke,
" and was like to have ſpoyled
" my Face into the Bargain.

But by this their Diſcourſe, I came to underſtand, that my Poet's Friend was an *Alchymiſt*: But I ſeemed to know nothing at all, nor to take any notice of what they ſaid. So, continuing their Diſcourſe together, ſaying at laſt:

" Whither go you, my Friend?
" I go (*ſayes the Poet*) to look
" out ſomething of Divertiſement
" and Refreſhings for a Lover,
" (*meaning Me*) that is wholly

" croſſed

"crossed in his Love; for by
"Vows and Promises, all is chan-
"ged into an Evil Success, instead
"of being Recompensed accord-
"ing to his Deserts, for his Ci-
"vility and Faithfulness: There-
"fore, I am going to try if I
"cannot make him quickly for-
"get that Ingratitude.

"Why then, (*replyed the other*)
"you are like the Witches, that
"can *do*, and *undo* that which
"they have *done*. For my part,
"I really thought, that it had
"been the Poet's Part to have in-
"flamed *Love*, and not to chill
"it with Cold. But if I may pass
"my Thoughts of *Love*, I do be-
"lieve it to be a Distemper,
"which is only cured by Mirth,
"and not by Melancholly; be-
"cause it is a Passion of the Soul,
"which (when it is Inflamed
"there-with to the Highest, it)
"deprives us of Reason, and makes

"us

" us go astray besides our selves,
" like brute Beasts or Vagabonds:
" But, in brief, ——

" Patience, (*sayes the Poet, who brake off the others Discourse, saying*;) " That he should see him
" Laugh heartily by and by; and
" I wish, that the first Flash of
" Lightning, that proceeds out
" of its Fiery Region, may destroy
" the Mount of *Parnassus*, if I do
" not Cure our Lover before he
" be many Hours older, by shew-
" ing him his Parallels, or those
" that were in his Condition.

And so, by little and little, discoursing as we went, we came at last to the Hospital, where they put those that are besides their Wits: And so, addressing of themselves by common Voyce and Consent, to the Governour of the Place, asked of him, If they might not see those that were thus Distracted, or Fools? To which

which the Governour, who was an Antient, yet Venerable Man enough, answered, *That they might*: And so brought them into a little Hall; and first shews them a Looking-Glass, to see themselves; giving them to understand, that it is not good to Insult too much over the Misfortunes of others.

But this Antient Man brought us into a little Court, where the Diseased were shut up in little Rooms asunder: At which, the *Poet* began to cry out; *Stay here! Gad, it is sufficient, it suffices me; for I have seen the greatest Part of all their Fooleries: And I think, that these Separations would do well, if they were but big enough to be an Inclosure for the greatest Part of the World, to shut up Fools in: For there are but very few People, who are not tainted with that kind of Disease.*

Which Discourse made the Go-

vernour laugh a little; and making a Signe with his Head, to ſhew that he approved of our Diſcourſe. But I as ſoon eſpyed a Great Man, who look't very Pale and Wan; and cryed out without ceaſing, with all his Force, *That there was no Mercy for him at all! I have defaced That which* God *made; for I have eaten Heaven and Earth!*

At which, I asked the Governour, What the Meaning of that Extraordinary Diſcourſe ſhould mean? Who told me, *That that Man had Eaten up the Revenues of a Piece of Ground, and all the Houſhold-Stuff that was left him, to the very Teſter of his Bed, which now was all he had left of all his Goods; at which he became Diſtracted, and ſo took up theſe Words; and continues them ever ſince in his Mouth.*

And ſo we came againſt another, who cryed out as loud and faſt;

fast; *That the first that came ought to set him at Liberty, by Releasing of him out of that Place; for he was no more a Fool, since he came in again of himself, uncompelled.*

To which I made Answer, *That this Man spoke nothing, but what was very good Sense.*

To which the Governour replyed; *Frieud, do not mistake your self; for there is more of Malice than Folly, in his Case: For the Business why he tarries here, is only this; He having on a time Layn with his Daughter, for which he was put into Prison; and had undoubtedly Dyed for it, but that he Counterfeited himself Distracted; and so was Committed into this Place, to Sequester himself from the Hands of Justice.*

Then the *Poet*, who had been all this time without speaking of one word, asked the Governour; *If there were not some, that were*

Diſtracted for Love?

To which he Anſwered, *Yes; for the greateſt Part of the Men that were in for that very Diſtemper, return'd afar; if they do but ſpeak of a Woman, they preſently cry My Love, my Heart, my Dear, my Soul! I Burn, I Dye! and the like: And all this, is but to nouriſh up a Company of Twattling, Fooliſh Women, who believe all they ſay to be True; and vant it abroad, that they have made ſo many Slaves.*

And ſo, ſhewing him a little Lodging that was all full of Cob-webs; and told him, *That there had been one that had layn there for ſeveral Years: But, at laſt, ſame one of his Friends to ſee him, who asked me Leave to go into his Lodge to him, to make a ſmall Collation with him, which I readily agreed to; ſo they emptyed ſeveral Bottles of Wine together; which made me fear, that the Strength of the Wine*

might

might trouble his Brains: But, on the contrary, he was so well fortify'd, and his Senses so well settled, that after Three dayes Examination, he was found a very Competent Judge, and fit to be sent out. Before he parted, he writ this against wall; which is here visible for him that should come next, although it be now almost all Defaced.

Then our *Poet* began to look at it nigh at hand; and for his better Perusal, he wiped it over with the Corner of his Cloak, that he might Read it the better: But, contrary to his Expectation, he found a Draft of *Cupid* in Debauch, his Bow and Arrows thrown down, and all in Disorder; and over his Head these Two Verses written.

Thou Son of Love, I am thine no more;
All that thou dost, is superfluous Shaw'r.

And under-neath was this Song written, in imitation of this Tyrant over our Souls.

The Wine alone shall furnish me with Flame;
For Bacchus *hath brought me under his Laws,*
And made him throw his Arrows to the Ground:
Asking but another Glass,
To make him as Drunk as his Carkass.
All his Troops are on the Rout with the Wind;
And he has drank so much, that he is quite Blind:
For since he hath thrown his Belt away,
We see him lye sleeping all the Day.
For with the Juyce of the Bottle call'd Wine,
He hath quenched his Flambeau call'd Divine.

Callet,

Ballet, *I Renounce thy Love, as Folly;*
Such Pleasures makes me Melancholly:
I abhor it, when thereon I think.
But he is my Friend, that taught me
to Drink,
And drove Envy from my Memory;
And Reviv'd my Senses, and Spirits
like to Dye.

But our *Poet* quickly pulls an Ink-horn out of his Pocket, with which he writes these Verses upon a piece of Paper; saying, *That this was a good Matter to furnish him with; for it was capable of passing a new thing, when he had a little ordered it after his own Fashion.*

But our Blower began to think it now his time to speak; therefore, he asked the Governour, *where they put the Alchymists?*

But he answered him; *That he never saw any such there; for either the Fire of* Raymond *alone,*

or the Mercury and Minerals consumed them; or else, at the least, it sends them stark-Naked to the Incurables; and so we have none of their Company.

But I was presently informed by the Governour, of a Young Man, who had many Papers in his hand, walking from one End of the Course to the other, as if he had been Rapt into some very profound Thoughts of great Concernment.

This is (sayes he) *a Poet, who was Committed to my Charge the other Day by a Courtier, more Fool than himself; who accused him of writing some Verses that touch'd him, wherein he is not so much as named: wherefore, I leave him at his Liberty, as you see; and have often sent him away, but he as often returns again to me, as if he had some other Pretensions here; and here he will stay in spight of me, as if the House had been only built for*

the Commodity of the Poets. But, for my own part, I was very Joyful to see that my Poet staid, having marked his Design that he had to put the Trick upon me: But all this time, I did not so much as let him know any thing, that I understood the Meaning of the least of all his Intrigues; neither would I break off with a Person, who had served me so often for very rare Divertisements, as he from time to time had done.

So the Governour caused us to see several other distemper'd Persons, and told us of all the several sorts of their Distempers.

And this done, we took our Leaves of the Governour. But, for my self, I had almost every day some kind of Divertisement or other with my *Poet*; till it fell out, that I had a Journey to go into the Country; which made me be a long time from seeing of him,

him, who was my only Object of Delight.

But our *Poet* continued still to do something or other, be it Good or Bad, as his own proper Fantasie led him, either to the Praise or Dispraise of a Part, or a Whole, without knowing the Vertue or Folly of the Person he writ of: But, Right or Wrong, he made Verses, and carried them to Men's Houses, as if it had been the *Gazette*. And some gave it the same Esteem, which did a little blind his Ambition; he believing all they said to be Truth, because they made him some small Presents.

But it fortuned, at a time, that he came to a House, where I was an Attendant in the Family; and joyning of himself with me by hazard, not knowing of me at first, he gave me some *Elogies*, and Glorious *Epithetes*; more for my Qua-

Quality that I was in, than for my Perſonage: Not dreaming to find me there, he prayed me very earneſtly to Preſent to the Lord I ſerved, ſome of his Works. But I deſired to be excuſed; telling him, *That if I ſhould Preſent it, there would come no Profit by it; for my Lord was not of a Liberal Humour in that, or ſuch like Matters.*

It may be, (ſayes my *Parneſſian,* whiſpering in my Ear) *that he is of the Humour of ſome, who had rather give a Hundred Piſtols to a Lady of Pleaſure, than a Teſter, or Two Shillings to a Poet.*

But I anſwered him; *That if he would know the Truth of it, my Lord doth Compoſe ſome things himſelf; and what he doth, is very Excellent: Therefore, any thing that is preſented to him, muſt be the Fineſt, and beſt of Works; or elſe, they may happen to fare no better,*

ter, than an Old Italian Poet *did, who presented him with something, as he thought, to be very Rare; which my Lord took, and carryed it to his Desk; and from thence, instead of Mony, (for which the Poet waited) he brought another thing of the like Nature, being of his own making, and gave it to the* Poet; *saying,* Volte pour, volte Patrone: *And this was all the Reward he got.*

Our *Poet* had still the same Suit of *Spanish*-Cloath, and Satten-Doublet, pink't: Whether it was that he was not Proud, or that he was too Proud, I do not know; but his Cloak had been lin'd with Plush; which was plain to be seen by the pieces that remain'd, which were big enough to have covered a Pair of Slippers.

But as he was talking to me in the middle of the Court, he was presently surrounded by a great

great many Foot-Men, and the like, which knew him, and of what Trade he was; and asked him for some of his Works, which he as readily promised them: Which, when I saw it, I told him; *That he had taken a very ill Place to walk in, and that it was a bad Market:* And withal, *That a Poet ought not to be so Familiar, as to declare all to the Common Sort of People; and that he* (*being a* Poet) *had to do with Persons of Quality, who would not suffer Comparisons with others; especially, in Business of Consequence.*

That is Truth, (saves he) *but Persons of our Profession, love an intire Familiarity; and you need not to doubt, but that all manner of Publick Persons ought to have their Eyes enlightned by every one; but more especially by the Poets, who make up one Part of their Drudgery in this World; for the Accomplish-*

ment

ment of which, they are obliged very often to do it: For often-times, it ſo falls out, that they are fain to make as many Geſtures, as a Dog that hath loſt his Maſter, and ſeeks out the means to joyn himſelf with another. But if that fails, he ſhall find one Wooden-fac'd Fellow or other of Porters, that will ſhut the Door againſt his Noſe; or elſe, it may be, make him ſit Two or Three Hours (as they ſay) to look to the Mule at the Gate, whilſt (it may be) they loſe another better Occaſion in another Place. And all this is done with a little ugly-made Face, which coſt them nothing.

" But if a Spunger, or Hanger-
" on do but chance to Careſs,
" and make much of a Song, (*ſayes*
" *our Poet*) he is ſtrait counted
" for a Gallant Man: The Gentle-
" man (they'l ſay) hath Means
" enough; and he is importuned
" to go, and Eat with the Great
" Ones:

"Ones: For they'l ſwear, they "cannot tell how to Live with-"out ſeeing of him; for he is "one of the beſt Wits of the "Times, and a Perſon who (by "his Behaviour) might (in his "Travels) be a Gueſt to be En-"tertained by Monarchs, for his "Noble Parts: But if he make "but a little of his Neceſſities "known; Why, they will ſay, "Such an one is a Licker of Tren-"chers: And they ſhall throw "all the Quibbles they can, and "ſhall imploy the whole Morning "in inventing one Foolery or o-"ther, to pay him for his Dinner; "or they will let him Languiſh "and Dye with Thirſt, before "they will give him to Drink, "if he be at Table; notwith-"ſtanding he ſhould ask for it "often-times: And after all, at "laſt, he ſhall be obliged to Riſe "and take it himſelf at the Side-

"Table:

" Table: And then, it may be, " he shall find some Affront, or " other put upon him, at his Re- " turn to the Table again.

" Wherefore, (in a word) we " ought as much as we can with " our Conveniency, to love the " Servants as well as the Master: " and not to follow the Maxims " of some Flatterers, who will " cause the Servants Portion to be " lessen'd, and have VVater put " into their VVine: And after- " wards, are obliged to run in " the Street, with a Company of " Laqueyes after him, crying a " *Vinegar Merchant*, and a *Cutter* " *of Dishes*. Such can never want " Scoffers after them, as they walk " the Streets.

But with this Poet was the Antiquity, of which I have already spoken. But, to Regulate him the better, and to fit him for a lit-

tle

tle Discourse of his Calling, I led him into an Arbor, where we might stay whil'st a Breakfast was a preparing for us; and, in the mean time, I began to question the **Alchymist**, concerning the **Transmutation of Metals**: To which he seemed to be a Man very quick and ready at his Answers, as any simple ignorant Person could be; who would undertake to hold an Argument in **Theology**, that was the greatest Fool of all those, that ever did undertake to look or study for the **Philosophers-Stone**: For his Brains were only Infected with the Fumes, of the Minerals, on which he practised. And so, finding no more Satisfaction in my **Alchymist**, than in my **Poet**, I thought it now but high time, to come to a Conclusion with them both.

But in the mean time, our Poet was surprized with an Extream Heat of *Parnassus*'s Fury, and called a-main for Pen and Paper; and when he had walked a Turn or two, he steps aside, and there writes,

Illustrious Reflection! Great and Famous mersonage!

Tituler, ——————————

But he could go no farther; for the Greatest of his VVorks shewed him a Poet either at the Beginning, or in the Middle of his VVorks; but, as for the Conclusion, the greatest Part of it was only the Fragments of some scattered Works of others.

☞ But here our Rejoycing had end: For I knowing very well, that my frequenting of such Persons,

ſons, could be no way Profitable, but Prejudical to me: Wherefore, I ſought all honeſt Pretences, to take my Leave, and to be rid of them; promiſing them all the Favours and Kindneſſes, that I was able to make or expreſs to them, for their Service.

And ſo Ends the

Extravagant Poet.

FINIS.

Books *Printed for* R. Bentley, and M. Magnes *this Year*, 1680.

Plays.

Sertorius, a Tragedy; by *J. Bancroft*, Gent.
Theodosius, or the Force of Love.
Souldier's Fortune, a Comedy.
Cæsar Borgia, a Tragedy.
Mr. *Limberham*, or the Kind-Keeper; by *J. Dreyden*, Esquire.
Murther of the Duke of *Glocester*.
King *Leare*.

Novels.

Pilgrim.
Palais-Royal.
Essex and *Elizabeth*.
Amours of *Madame*.
The *Emperor* and the *Empire* Betray'd.

In the Press.

Father *Lamberg*'s History of *Lutheranisme*.